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ADVOCATES OF PROHIBITION have been thrown into a flutter by the announcement that the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church is in favor of a modification of the Volstead act. The declaration has probably been taken rather too seriously. Its import, or even its authenticity, is decidedly open to question until we know the size and character of the organization, how the referendum was taken, and the figures in the vote. Of twenty-three bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church who responded to an inquiry by the New York *Times* only five indorsed the stand of the Church Temperance Society. Nevertheless, it is not without interest that a church society, the active head of which was formerly superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York State, should be lined up in opposition to the present prohibition movement. There is weight, too, in the argument put forward by the society that educational work in behalf of temperance was practically dropped with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and all reliance has since been placed in the strong arm of the law, a means which has so far proved incapable of meeting the situation.

OF MORE SIGNIFICANCE to the future of liquor control than the declaration of the Church Temperance Society were remarks made recently before a gathering of ministers by Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of enforcing prohibition, and by Emory R. Buckner, United States Attorney in charge of

federal prosecutions in New York City. Both men took the stand that the United States Government had not been and would not be able to enforce prohibition; it did not and could not provide enough enforcement officers or courts for the work; the various States would have to pass laws and set up machinery to carry out the Eighteenth Amendment. Now this statement, if true, is immensely more important than Messrs. Andrews and Buckner and the ministers who listened to them seemed to realize. For it would mean the abandonment of national prohibition in favor of local option. If the federal government cannot carry out its own law in regions where it is unpopular, it is certain that no individual State can or will try to. If prohibition is left to the States, it will be treated as local sentiment dictates; as a national measure it will cease to exist.

AMONG THE MANY BY-PRODUCTS of America's benevolent imperialism in the Philippine Islands is one of which we seldom boast—a small matter of 2,500 casual offspring of the unions of American soldiers and Filipino girls. We do not boast about them, but neither can we any longer ignore them, for, according to an appeal recently issued by Governor General Leonard Wood, these children "have been either abandoned or . . . are growing up in pernicious surroundings." General Wood wants to raise \$15,000 a year by popular subscription to support and educate the children so that they may "be converted into citizens who will be a credit to their fathers' race." That may seem, in the face of the facts, a rather ironical hope, but we have no reason to doubt the serious condition of these unwanted and untended children. Certainly they should be educated and given a chance to develop into normal human beings. And, quite as certainly, the responsibility for this task should fall primarily on the army. If good roads and sanitation are products of American occupation of the islands, no less are these hordes of children. They are the children of America's policy in the Philippines, the children of the army. A public campaign for funds, however successful it may be, will not lift responsibility from the Government of the United States. A sum of money should be taken from the appropriations for national defense for the care of these children of America's soldiers. It should be an annual charge upon the military.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES sets out to spread the blessings of a stable government of law in the Caribbean it inculcates the idea first by violating whatever native law it finds irksome and then by overriding such law as it imposes when that legislation proves to be inconvenient. In our issue of December 16 we noted that soon after American troops invaded the republic of Haiti and gradually took over the government, a new constitution was forced upon the country, which presumably was to our liking since it was written by Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. This provided for the election of a legislature every other year and for the election of a President by the legislature every fourth year. A legislature to choose a successor to the American-made President, Louis Borno, should have been elected on January 10 last. The

election did not take place. The American Occupation resorted to the simple but effective expedient of prohibiting it. More than that, when Windsor Bellegarde, one of the candidates, showed himself in public on the afternoon of January 10 and was called upon for a speech, he was forcibly pulled off the rostrum by Lieutenant Beal of our Marine Corps, while others in the crowd were beaten, one so severely that he had to be sent to a hospital for medical attention.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE the United States enters the World Court. The reservations render it most unlikely that we shall make any effective use of our privileges of membership, but they do not accomplish what *The Nation* most insistently demanded—the elimination of war in the enforcement of the Court's decisions. In the midst of the final struggle Senator Moses made a valiant effort to push this consideration to the front by offering a reservation:

That the adherence of the United States to the statute of the World Court is conditioned upon the understanding and agreement that the judgments, decrees, and (or) advisory opinions of the Court shall not be enforced by war under any name or in any form whatever.

In the debate the advocates of the Court showed themselves sorry friends of peace. They opposed the Moses reservation on dubious grounds: that the League could not repudiate force—force being the basis of its authority; that such a reservation would merely have the effect of keeping the United States out of the Court. If the friends of the Court are right, our worst fears about that body are amply justified. We cannot share in the decisions of the Court without assuming active responsibility for the system of sanctions that underlies them.

WE STILL BELIEVE, however, that the friends of the Court are wrong in the position they take; their cause need not be as vicious as they would make it appear. We believe with Senator Borah that the nations adhering to the World Court could agree among themselves that the judgments of the Court shall not be executed by means of force. If such an agreement should require an amendment to the Covenant of the League it would be the greatest improvement the League could institute. The friends of the Court had enough votes so that they could afford to be incautious in their arguments. They cheerfully gave their case away by first asserting that public opinion would sustain the decisions of the Court and then admitting that the use of force might be "the only way" to enforce a judgment against a recalcitrant nation. They gave their case away—but they won it none the less. We are grateful at least to Senator Moses and Senator Borah, who so ably supported the only reservation that could possibly turn the World Court into an instrument of peace.

ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, Mr. Coolidge denounced Congress for its increasing attacks upon him, characterizing them as "seasonal, or actuated by political motives." He asserted that the Government was proceeding in an orderly fashion to investigate all cases of law infringement and declared that our entrance into the World Court did not foreshadow entrance into the League of Nations—which latter statement makes us expect that he will urge our entrance into the League within the next

twelve months. One good thing followed. Senators Wheeler and Harrison tore aside the mask the President tries to hide behind at his semi-weekly conference with the newspaper men and replied directly and openly to the President's attack. Presto, change! Three days later the President sang a different tune. At his second weekly interview with the newspaper men he was deeply "appreciative of the legislative record of Congress in dealing with America's adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice and the revision of taxes." The correspondents explained that the President was not entirely a critic and that he was anxious to give praise where he thought it was deserving. How it must hurt him to utter a word in criticism and how eager he is to have the public understand that he chastises Congress, as any fond father does his offspring, merely for Congress's own good! Curiously enough, however, the barrage upon the President has not decreased but rather increased. Hence, no doubt, the Department of Justice's quick move against the food trusts which contrasts so remarkably with its months and months of delay in moving against Mr. Mellon's aluminum company.

THE OLDEST and most important question in the world is, When do we eat? Our captains of industry have been somewhat remiss heretofore in giving due weight to this fundamental situation. There are signs, however, that they propose to do better. On the heels of Mr. Ward's two-billion-dollar bread combine and in spite of the suit that has been begun against it by the federal government, comes an announcement from Wall Street that it is about to give its blessing to the National Food Products Corporation, "the first great holding company empowered to invest in food concerns." Already the new corporation has acquired interests in 2,000 chain stores in twenty States, as well as in ice-cream and dairy companies. That it is a 1926 model is attested by the fact that it is issuing 1,000,000 shares of Class A common stock and 1,000,000 shares of Class B common stock—both without par value. With the appearance of the alphabet, it is always a safe bet that the investing public is going to pay the cost of the physical properties acquired and have no tangible control—often not even a legal vote—in their future management, while the insiders who promote the combine pay nothing, are awarded a few shares of Class C stock, and run the works in perpetuity. And what could be a happier choice to run in perpetuity than a nation's food?

ANOTHER KLANNISH ORGANIZATION has been born in Georgia. It arrived on a quiet Sunday in Atlanta, January 17, and was named the Supreme Kingdom. Its friends say that the Supreme Kingdom will devote itself to the modest program of a world-wide campaign against evolution. It plans organizations all over the United States and bureaus in Great Britain, Canada, and Australia, but the headquarters will remain in Atlanta. Within four days of the official birth of the Supreme Kingdom \$100,000 was subscribed to the fund for the proposed Bryan Memorial University at Dayton, Tennessee, and it was said that a subscription of \$50,000,000 would be sought. What justifies us chiefly in describing this new organization as Klannish is the fact that Edward Young Clark of Atlanta, former Klan leader, was appointed as its head and Roscoe Carpenter of Indianapolis was made

"organizer extraordinary." The Ku Klux Klan itself is about done; its novelty and nightgowns are worn out. But the soil in which it thrived remains. There may be as much money and publicity for the organizers of a campaign against evolution as in baiting Catholics, Jews, and Negroes. There are always new worlds of ignorance and superstition to conquer.

A NOTABLE EXPERIMENT in cooperation between organized labor and college students is going on at the University of Denver. Student window cleaners, employed by the Student Window Cleaner Company owned by Rose Brothers, had been working in Denver as non-union men. While the wages for skilled students equaled the union scale, the pay for apprentices was slightly lower. The window-cleaners' union protested that students were undermining their wages and throwing them out of work, and the local federation of labor carried the protest to the chancellor of Denver University. The chancellor, who has been known as a friend of organized labor, called upon the parties to discuss their differences. Through the mediation of a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a professor, and a labor editor the students, employers, and union leaders worked out an agreement. All the student window cleaners joined the union. Skilled students will receive at least as much as the union scale, which is almost seventy cents an hour. The union will not object to student apprentices provided the scale paid to them is set by arbitration and provided an arbitration committee also determines when the employers shall bring in new men instead of employing veteran window cleaners in Denver who are unemployed. Thus there is promise that the two great barriers between student participation in organized labor movements, the apprenticeship rules and employment preference, will disappear.

SEVENTEEN TO SEVEN. Nothing that may be imagined concerning those figures in juxtaposition could seem quite so grotesque as the fact that they stand for the vote of the Liberals in Parliament for and against Lloyd George as leader of their poor little remnant in the House. In a recent interview Lloyd George said that the reason why reaction was enthroned in present-day governments was that since the war the progressive parties and leaders had been fighting among themselves. Think of it! In November, 1918, Lloyd George was altogether certain of gaining such a majority at the polls as would have given him a government powerful enough to secure the kind of settlement demanded by all the decent elements in Britain and America. He preferred to make his appeal to the mob, drunk with victory, and to drive from Parliament those Liberals and Labor men who had striven to check his own madness and to make possible a peace of healing and reason. Inevitably, therefore, in the hour of his fall in 1922 he had no party to lead, and today, four years after the Tories threw him over, the net result of his efforts to recover a position of leadership is a bitter conflict among the distracted Liberals and a parliamentary vote of 17 to 7.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, the wrangle over Lloyd George is the most humiliating affair that has occurred in British party politics for at least half a century. Mr. George has accumulated a campaign fund

of at least \$5,000,000. It is wholly under his own control. Its origin has never been explained, and its possessor lives in fear of a call in Parliament or the press for a public investigation. The Liberal campaign chest is empty, and Lloyd George says to the directors of the party machine: Put your organization behind my new land scheme, which we all know you doubt or detest, and the fund is at your disposal. To which the Asquith Liberals reply, with a simplicity that to the American politician may seem a good deal less than credible: We want your money, but we don't want you.

A CHINESE STUDENT learns his school lessons at the top of his lungs, surrounded by others shouting equally loudly; a coolie accomplishes some work in a mob of fellow-coolies all crying out to do different things at different times; and a Chinese hotel is a never-ceasing babel of altercation, ribald song, and uproarious conversation. Yet somehow China produces great scholars, performs amazing feats of mass labor without the aid of horse or motor, and presumably Chinese travelers manage to get some sleep. And in the midst of civil war the Chinese post office continues to grow and to spread its branches into the remotest corners of the territories of all the dozens of tuchuns and supertuchuns who seem to divide the republic into a score of warring parts. The figures for 1924, recently compiled, show that the total pieces of mail carried in that year of civil wars was 522,352,095—a gain of 50,000,000 pieces over the 1923 figure. One interesting commentary upon the processes at work in China behind the much-advertised civil wars is that 97,000,000 newspapers and magazines were carried in 1924, as compared with 81,000,000 in 1923 and hardly 1,000,000 ten years ago. China is learning to read! Another interesting reflection for those who think the Chinese an incapable race is the fact that the Chinese postal staff, with all its foreign business, includes 35,590 Chinese and only 121 foreigners.

BEN FOSTER is dead. For years he lived and painted among the Litchfield hills and seemed as exempt from time's decay as the rubble of boulders deposited by the glacial drift. He was not a visionary, for men are not visionaries who grow old among the hills where the earth is stubborn to the plow and life is hard. But Ben Foster in his pictures took little account of the human midges that labor upon the rocky soil; he contemplated the forested hills as one whose mind harked far back into geologic time. He was as familiar as the spirit of earth with the forces that had molded the valleys and driven the foundations of the mountains. And there was given to him the power to translate through plastic means the terrific substance of things—his trees have roots that search deep; their trunks are ponderable almost beyond the reach of ordinary tricks of light and shade. He was interested in a tree for the way it felt under the palms of his hands. And how he loved rocks and their lichenized surfaces! He must have sensed the immense patience of a rock enduring the erosion of the ages. Into his landscapes he has infused no fiery moods and few lyrical ones. He was impelled to render natural objects as he honestly saw them under conditions which made them seem beautiful to man; but this pageant of beauty is not created for man. Nature is a lonely god playing idly with the sunlight and moonlight, unconscious of man and man's destiny.

Raiding Water-Power

SIDE by side on the international bridge crossing the Niagara River stand two electric lamps. To the one on the north, current is supplied by the government-owned power system of the province of Ontario. It costs \$8 a year. To the one on the south, current is supplied by a private American power company. It costs \$43 a year. A storekeeper in Galt, Ontario, pays \$7.82 for 412 kilowatts—a month's supply of current. In San José, California, 412 kilowatts for a storekeeper cost \$25.44; in Washington, D. C., \$27.33; in New York City, \$20.60. In 1912 the people of London, Ontario, were paying a private company 9 cents a kilowatt. In 1921 they were paying the government 1.9 cents a kilowatt. The cost of lighting the Labor Temple in Galt, Ontario, for five months in 1911 was \$467.91; for the same five months in 1922, \$179.94. Meanwhile the average domestic rate in the United States is about 10 cents a kilowatt. The State of New York, with its boundaries on Niagara, as are those of Ontario, pays at least twice the Ontario rate.

The United States Geological Survey has, in Professional Paper 125, mapped out a superpower system for the region between Boston and Washington, including of course New York State. The plan contemplates a main transmission line running between the two cities, into which will feed all isolated power units, now run independently and wastefully. The plan could be installed in ten years' time (Ontario took about as long) and would save:

For electric utilities.....	19 million tons of coal a year
For railroads	10 million tons of coal a year
For manufacturers	21 million tons of coal a year

A total of 50 million tons of coal a year

Charles P. Steinmetz, perhaps the greatest electrical engineer America has produced, analyzed the New York power situation shortly before he died. He found 50,000 industrial plants using 5,000,000 horse-power, of which only 1,300,000 came from water-power—the balance coming from coal and requiring the shipment into New York of 25,000,000 tons a year. Meanwhile coal-fired locomotives consume 12,000,000 tons more. He found that the State has readily available 4,200,000 horse-power of energy to be derived from falling water in addition to the 1,300,000 already developed; and another 4,000,000 could be made available by storage. One horse-power of energy is the equivalent of ten tons of coal a year. Thus the 4,200,000 horse-power readily available could save 42,000,000 tons of coal a year and more than supply all present industrial and railroad needs (37,000,000 tons). Such a project would save, further, 500 locomotives (electric locomotives are more efficient than steam) and 15,000 coal cars; it would increase the capacity of the railroads by relieving congestion; lower the cost of energy; save the State \$140,000,000 a year; and give us smoke-free cities.

E. E. Slosson has estimated that there are 5,000,000 horse-power now running to waste in the Niagara region—the equivalent of 350,000 loaves of bread or 600,000 fresh eggs per hour. Messrs. Gilbert and Pogue, late of the Geological Survey, have worked out a chart showing the gigantic potentiality of savings in energy and in natural resources which an articulation of water-power, coal, oil, and natural

gas, on a nation-wide scale, could bring about for the United States.

So when Governor Smith stands up in Albany and questions the moral right of a Republican commission to give away 2,000,000 of the State's horse-power for a term of fifty years we will do well to bear the above facts in mind. This amount of water-power will go to private companies and comprises potential energy on the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers, energy now owned by the people of New York State. And, as Governor Smith has pointed out, it is the last of the State's possessions in natural resources. Everything but water-power has gone into private hands. The claimants for this last citadel of empire are, among others, the Northeastern Power Corporation, a giant holding company, and the St. Lawrence Valley Power Company, controlled by the aluminum trust. Is either of these two private organizations interested in cheapening power to the people of New York; will they be content to light lamps on the international bridge for \$8 a year; or coordinate—which means subordinate—their properties with any regional or nation-wide giant-power projects; or care about the elimination of waste except in so far as it affects their own balance sheets?

Not unless this holding company and this aluminum trust are different from any other private corporation ever heard of. They will play the normal, modern business game; they have, indeed, no other choice. They will issue securities—probably a whole alphabetical series of these up-to-the-minute non-voting common stocks; they will include in their valuations an enormous account for "organization expenses," and they will, like the New York Telephone Company, employ every means in their power—including the employment of swarms of engineers, appraisers, certified public accountants, and real-estate experts—to fix the valuations of their physical assets at an amount which will give them a maximum return under whatever State regulation of rates may be imposed. They will be forever in the courts, while batteries of the nation's most astute legal talent will be carrying one appeal after another up to the supreme bench. They will fight both directly through their unparalleled avenues of publicity, and indirectly through their friendly acquaintance in the legislature, every attempt the State may make to stiffen or improve its regulation, and nine times out of ten they will defeat such improvement. They will gradually create a margin between their ostensible and their real earnings, which in due course will take on all the sanctity of a vested interest, and this—when the fifty-year leasehold is up—the State will pay for through the nose before the private companies can be induced to withdraw. They will, if the history of private public utilities in these States be any guide at all, keep costs at the maximum which can be wrung from the public or a pliant legislature, engorge through the means of subsidiary companies every nickel saved by technical improvement, and block, except at a huge tribute, every project for giant power which has as its aim the welfare of the whole community.

Every citizen who cares one iota for New York State and its future development is behind Governor Smith in his fight.

Mussolini Menaces Europe

A MENACE to Europe—that is what Mussolini has become. We cannot recall in recent years, perhaps not since the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, any utterance by a supposedly responsible European statesman which for downright mischief-making can compare with the attack upon Germany made by Mussolini in the Chamber of Deputies in Rome on February 6. Denouncing the German campaign on behalf of the submerged Tyrol as "nefarious, ridiculous, and lying," the Prime Minister went on to say:

We will be sufficiently explicit—and I believe that plain-speaking will serve truth, civilization, and even peace—to alter slightly the old formula and declare that sometimes it is necessary to pay with two eyes for the loss of one and with a whole set of teeth for the loss of one tooth. . . . I hope my speech will be understood by those who should understand it, so that the Italian Government need not pass a concrete answer as it would if tomorrow the German Government assumed direct responsibility for what is happening and what may happen in Germany.

Referring then to the Locarno spirit of which Europe has been so proud, he ridiculed it as being something "soft, evanescent, insupportable, and even hypocritical like habitual things."

Throughout Italy the fascist press and the chief political leaders have accepted this as practically a declaration of war against Germany—against an unarmed and defenseless Germany. That means, furthermore, a threat against the League of Nations itself, precisely as he defied it when he went to the Island of Corfu and killed defenseless children by his unprovoked and indefensible bombardment of that island.

What, we ask, would have been the reaction of Europe had the Kaiser made an utterance like this? Here we have the threat to conquer additional territory because Mussolini does not like the campaign that is being waged openly and fairly to undo one of the most terrible mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles—the cession of the Tyrol to Italy. As a matter of fact the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger was of little significance compared to this, for the agitation for the freedom of the Tyrol is bound to go on. If Mussolini cowers Germany and Austria by his threats of war, then the agitation will go on in Switzerland, in England, in France, in the United States, wherever there are men and women who believe in justice and humanity and fair dealing, and are opposed to the abominable outraging of innocent people at the hands of foreign despots.

Americans do not realize, in the first place, that the guilt is largely upon our own heads, for it was Woodrow Wilson at Paris who, betraying every American principle for which he stood and particularly that of the right of this racial group to self-determination, turned over the Tyrol to Italy. In the next place Americans do not realize that all Europe is in fear of the aggression of Mussolini. Fascist leaders, drunk with unrestrained power, talk of war with France and vow they can whip her; Switzerland trembles for fear that the widespread fascist propaganda to wrest from her her Italian cantons will turn into action; in Albania, in Yugoslavia, in Greece they fear the dictator of Rome. It is Mussolini who has become the mad dog of Europe, and those Americans like our bankers who think that we must approve this sort of government of Italy, who pat the dictator on the back and say that it is the duty of

liberalism to let Italy have the kind of government it wants, must realize that if this sort of thing goes on the peace of Europe will be in jeopardy as it never was jeopardized by the stupid fumbler of Potsdam.

What would we have America do in the premises? We would have her do nothing more and nothing less than she has always done, let the world know where her sympathy lies, that it is with the oppressed of the Tyrol precisely as it was with the Boers in their war with England, precisely as it went out to the Irish and the Greeks in their fight for freedom, precisely as it was on the side of Garibaldi and Mazzini and Cavour in their battle to free Italy from Austrian tyranny. This, of course, does not mean a threat of war, but it does mean that we shall make felt the weight of our moral indignation against not only what is happening in the Tyrol, but against the Mussolini menace to all Europe.

In the *New York Evening Post* Dorothy Thompson, one of the best of our American correspondents abroad, has been setting forth what has been happening in the Tyrol. It is a record of deliberate and systematic tyranny. Mussolini may deny as he pleases the charges made in the German press; they have been made in the English press and in the American press, wherever the press is free. He cannot deny that he has destroyed all the village councils; that he has violated the sacred pledges made by the King of Italy himself that the German schools would not be interfered with; that every Germanic newspaper has been suppressed. Nothing in our judgment could have been much worse than the methods the Italians have adopted to compel every German to become an Italian. It has been an outrage which has cried to high heaven.

Monuments and Monuments

NOW it is a great memorial for William Jennings Bryan which is being planned for Washington. It is to be a common or park by which his admirers desire to commemorate the Commoner and the defender of that faith which denies alike reason and science. As yet the money is not raised, nor has the plan been worked out in detail; but in general it is to be a public meeting and recreation place surrounded by impressive edifices—belonging, perhaps, if the Bible stories see their way clear, to universities which are to be dedicated to stopping the hands of time and the wheel of progress. The Common is to cost \$1,000,000 and there will be a "central chimes tower."

This ambitious undertaking may or may not come to pass. But the mere prospect of it is sufficient to bring up the question of the attitude of Congress toward such commemorative projects. We have already referred to the Roosevelt memorial, to the extraordinary beauty of the design, and what seems to us its extraordinary adaptation to the site the projectors have selected for it. But its very beauty brings up the question as to whether Congress should give to the donors the desired site and whether it should or should not pass upon the memorial itself. Ought Congress to consider the question of the public services of Mr. Roosevelt before granting permission for a work which in some respects will dwarf the Lincoln Memorial and make the Washington Monument seem utterly inadequate for the Father of His Country; or should it jump to receive a gift so valuable and so artistic? Undoubtedly the proposal will fit in well with the Burnham plan for the development of Washington to which the Bryan common would also have to

conform. But if the proposed Roosevelt site is preempted there will be no further opportunity to place a great memorial in that section of Washington. Even the most ardent admirer of Colonel Roosevelt will, we think, hardly contend that his services to the country equal those of Lincoln and Washington. Indeed, his achievements in the field of legislation are being wiped out almost at the rate of one a month by Mr. Coolidge's devitalizing appointments. Few will concede that Mr. Bryan's services warrant the distinction of a great public square. But will Congress refuse the offer?

The problem is not merely a theoretical one, for the Woodrow Wilson memorial will be along soon—it is only by the uncommon kindness of Providence that the \$800,000 tomb of Warren G. Harding is to be hidden in Marion, Ohio—and doubtless Wall Street will some day desire, as it should, to erect the tallest memorial edifice in the world to Calvin Coolidge. What complicates the question is not merely the artistic or utilitarian character of each memorial contemplated; it is the issue as to the value of the public man in question. Can Congress pass upon such an issue? If not, should it appoint a committee of standards? And if the latter, how shall it be constituted? By assigning to it ardent admirers of Roosevelt, or Wilson, or Bryan, or Harding? Should there be critics of these and other statesmen on it? Shall conservatives and liberals and radicals all be represented on such a body? In other words, can any group be found to pass the judgment of history upon conspicuous political figures?

For ourselves, we find most of these questions unanswerable. But we have one concrete suggestion to make: let Congress pass a law forbidding any great memorial to a man dead less than fifty years. The capital waited longer than that for the Lincoln Memorial. The Washington Monument was begun in 1848 but not finished until 1884. To rush to commemorate statesmen in bronze and stone and marble immediately after their death is characteristic of our nervous age. In the case of Mr. Harding the haste was necessary; the \$800,000 could not have been raised today, we believe, in the light of facts as to the crooked and disgraceful character of his administration which have come out. A sentimental Congress might in 1922 have permitted a monument to Mr. Harding it would now regret.

Let anyone go to Washington and see for himself how the city is cluttered with equestrian statues (on the most amazing equines conceived in the mind of man) and civilian statues of unknown worthies carved apparently by the hands of gravestone "artists." It is enough to make one wish that an earthquake could obliterate all but a few. Now, however, in our richer age we do not think a statue, afoot or on horseback, adequate for a modern Daniel Webster or Lewis Cass. We want a \$3,000,000 water-side structure, or an \$800,000 mausoleum, or a \$2,000,000 park. Our tributes in bronze and stone grow in size in proportion to our national wealth and grandeur—only critical faculty is lacking. So at least let us ask Congress for a law which will save Washington from memorials for fifty years. By that time a public man will be evaluated not by passionate friends and ardent admirers but in the light of a succeeding generation which will be sufficiently detached to see whether a man's contemporary greatness has lasted; whether his achievements have or have not been wiped out by his successors or have contributed something worth while to our nation's progress; whether his visions of a new and better world have stood the test of time.

Jazzing the Scriptures

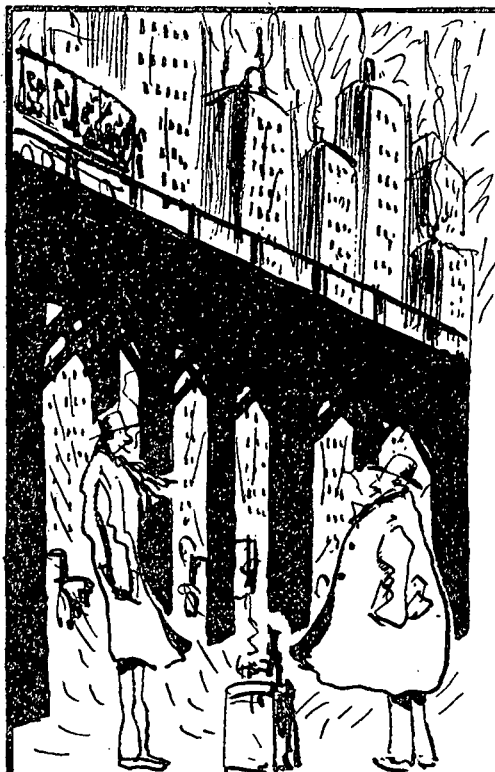
TO the mind which is ignorant of advertising and its wonders nothing could seem more dead from a commercial standpoint than the Apocryphal Scriptures. Who, one might ask, could be persuaded to read "The Visions of the Shepherd Hermas," which lost its popularity a great many centuries ago, and who among the movie-going public would care to buy the so-called "Letters of Pontius Pilate," which purport to give an account of the Resurrection? And yet a publisher of the sign-this-coupon, sent-on-approval variety has undertaken to sell just these things; and it is not at all unlikely that he will succeed, for though no one is interested in the Apocryphal Scriptures there are doubtless a good many credulous souls who are panting for them if they are called "The Lost Books of the Bible" and are anxious to see Pilate "The Arch-Coward of History Revealed in His Own Words."

For the small sum of \$2.95 (plus a few cents postage) one can receive C. O. D. not only the works described but in addition other books which contain "detailed accounts of some of the most interesting events of the Bible that are hardly mentioned at all in the New Testament." There are "The Gospel of Mary," which "gives a fuller account than we have in any other place of the girlhood of Mary"; "The Gospel of the Protoevangelion," which "gives a wonderfully detailed account of the birth of Jesus"; and "The Gospel of the Infancy," which has "twenty-two remarkable chapters telling of the boyhood and school days of Jesus."

If this book should happen to receive any considerable circulation we predict some unhappy hours for a good many pastors scattered over these United States. The authority of the Bible has long depended to a very considerable extent upon its fixed form. To the vast majority of Christians it is a unified whole of which it may be said that whatever is there is true and whatever is not there is not true. Questions of canonicity, of the formation of the book, and of the reasons for the inclusion of this or the exclusion of that are outside the ken of most believers, whose attitude is largely that of the revivalist who is said to have declared that the King James Bible was good enough for the Apostles and therefore good enough for him. Either the village atheist or the too-ready believer who happened to be armed with these "Lost Books" could ask questions to which the best-informed theologian could not give wholly satisfactory answers. For even though every word of the Bible be literally true there remains the question, What is the Bible?

At the Dayton trial one of the parties most interested in the prosecution expressed privately his surprise at hearing it stated that there was more than one Bible. He had "never heard tell" of any besides the one with which he was familiar, and he sensed dimly the problem which was involved. The court in its wisdom decided that no information upon this or any other subject was permissible in spite of the fact that it was, historically, the very subject which did most to undermine a belief in the literal trustworthiness of the Scriptures. Now, jazz has a way of penetrating a good deal further than scholarship, and it may very well happen that the advertiser to whom this editorial is dedicated will, all unknowingly, do more for the cause of liberalism in theology than all the experts who offered their services at Dayton.

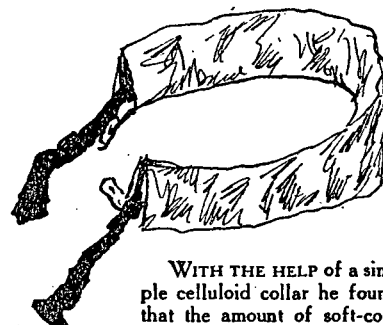
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



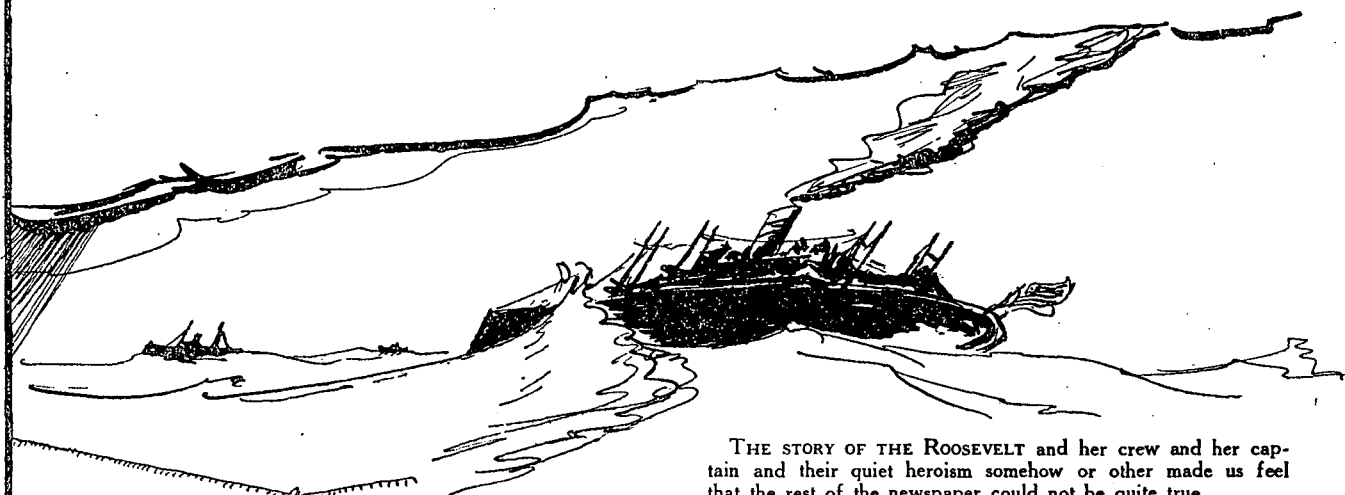
OUR DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY the *Forum* has established the amount of noise per nerve which must be endured by the average New Yorker.



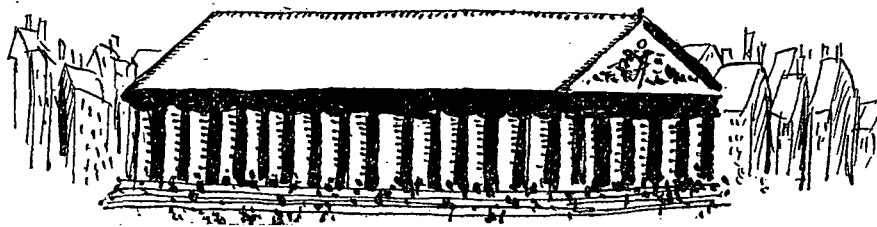
The Nation, ALWAYS IN THE VANGUARD of local and national patriotism, decided to do something about the dirt of the metropolis. Your favorite weekly, therefore, at enormous expense sent for Professor Dr. Schmutzmesser, the well known specialist of the University of Pittsburgh.



WITH THE HELP of a simple celluloid collar he found that the amount of soft-coal dust per square inch of lung in Greater New York surpasses by 600 per cent the record established in 1867 by the London underground.



THE STORY OF THE ROOSEVELT and her crew and her captain and their quiet heroism somehow or other made us feel that the rest of the newspaper could not be quite true.



FURTHERMORE WE WERE MADE HAPPY by the news that Art Young is working on a new type of devil and that the Paris Stock Exchange intends to erect a memorial to France's Unknown Creditor.

Tampa—Florida's Big City

By CHESTER C. PLATT

TAMPA—Florida's big city; big ships in the harbor; big cigar factories; big skyscrapers; big municipal hotel; big phosphate mines, and big orange groves surrounding the city; big man-made sand islands in the bay (homes for its millionaires); big subdivisions all around; big bridge, six miles long, connecting the city with St. Petersburg; big growth of 90 per cent in population in five years (Jacksonville, 95,000; Tampa, 94,000; Miami, 71,000); big automobile traffic jams; big newspapers with ninety or 100 pages Sunday and forty or fifty pages on week days; big ditches to drain the surrounding swamps; big tourist camps in suburbs; big cranes and sand-sucking machines; big millionaires; big cock fights sponsored by the millionaires; and also one big bull fight, but the exhibition was indorsed by the head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Tampa—Florida's dirtiest city; debris from torn-down buildings everywhere, old brick, plaster, and lath; new building material of all kinds piled high in the streets and on vacant lots. The old county courthouse is a veritable monument to filth. Nobody can visit it without contempt of court. There is much rubbish in the courthouse park, the tourists' principal loafing-place and sun-bath resort. A rusty wire entanglement fastened to old gas-pipe posts surrounds it. An ineffectual appreciation of the sorry look of things is shown by several signs, which say: "All well-bred people will throw their orange peel, waste paper, and peanut shells in the trash can."

Yet, only three or four blocks away is Tampa's municipally owned resort, the Tampa Bay Hotel, a veritable Moorish palace, with spacious verandas, a stately façade showing arches and pinnacles like those of Seville, surrounded by a park (named after Henry B. Plant) fragrant with tropical flowers and vines, shaded with fronded palms and live-oaks, and bounded on one side by the placid Hillsboro River.

The story goes that when the hotel was opened Mr. Plant, Florida's great West Coast developer, sent a special invitation to Henry B. Flagler, Florida's great East Coast developer, to come to the celebration.

"Where is Tampa?" telegraphed Mr. Flagler. "Follow the crowd," answered Mr. Plant.

A polyglot city is Tampa. One suburb is known as Ybor City (pronounced E-bo). Here Spanish is spoken, and here more Havana cigars are made every year than are produced in Cuba. One firm makes the proud boast that by a "royal warrant signed by Alphonso" it makes cigars for the King of Spain. But they are non-union cigars, as the unsanitary and poverty-stricken appearance of Ybor City testifies. The more often one visits Ybor the more one feels like smoking other cigars.

It was at Ybor City that the bull fight was held by the Cuban Club. There was a drove of real bulls from Texas, and real matadors from Spain (Rafael Gomez called "El Gallo" and Francisco Perez Rivera) dressed in gold and silver-braided vests and knee-breeches. Across their shoulders jauntily hung the red "capa," to enrage the bulls.

There were real señoritas there, who draped hundreds of gay-colored mantillas around the railing of the bull ring and, as they did so, there were cheers upon cheers from 5,000 spectators.

Señorita Pilar Conde, noted Spanish actress, mounted on a white horse, started the show, with a ceremonious demand for the keys of the bull pen. The first bull led into the arena was not inclined to fight, but the second one looked at the flaunting red capas, snorted, lowered its head, threw dirt over the lower tiers of seats, and charged the matador. The bulls won as they never do in real fights, for the matadors were in retreat all the time until they touched the bull in a vital spot with their wooden swords, when the animal should have played dead, to have made the show a complete reproduction of the real thing.

A few blocks from Tampa's harbor is a restaurant, in front of which is a sign reading "Turkish, Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, German, and Egyptian spoken." One of the owners, H. B. Cohen, is the remarkable linguist. He was born in Smyrna and has lived in most of the countries mentioned on his sign. He says he came to Tampa in 1908 and took a position as dish-washer at the Tampa Bay Hotel at \$6 a week. Now he pays his dish-washers \$24 a week. He has entertained as guests of the restaurant persons from every one of the countries mentioned in his imposing list, and translates his bill of fare for them.

One of the attractions of Tampa is the ease with which you can get out of it. The most delightful escape is northward to Temple Terrace Estates, six miles away. This is a subdivision par excellence, on a high rolling plane, bounded by the Hillsboro River on one side and a beautiful orange grove of 4,500 acres on the other. It is all set out to one variety. The subdivision takes its name from the temple orange, which they call a "glorified tangerine," a variety with the characteristics of a small tangerine and some of a large orange.

Temple Terrace has all the standardized attractions of the best subdivision, clubhouse, casino, swimming pool, riding academy, golf course, apartment houses, and daily real-estate "lectures." A caravan of buses and automobiles from St. Petersburg, Orlando, Tampa, and other places brings scores of prospective lot buyers daily, and they are not only entertained with free rides, but with a luncheon, a band concert, and a lecture. If one prospect out of twenty signs on the dotted line and makes a first payment, business is considered good. When the prospects have been well fed, and a bit hypnotized by music and oratory, they are divided into blocks of five and sent out to see the lots in charge of expert salesmen. Prospects who play around the bait, but do not bite, are then invited into the sales office, where they meet extra "high-powered closing men," who manipulate effective landing nets, and the gamiest fish are often safely landed.

Another delightful escape from Tampa will be Davis Islands, when the sand-suckers have completed their work and the islands are properly protected by sea walls. They are only half a mile from the business center of Tampa and are connected with the city by a bridge and causeway.

Started only two years ago, the development here has gone forward with wonderful speed. Three million dollars' worth of sand-made lots are said to have been sold the first day the subdivision was opened, and \$12,000,000 worth have been sold since.

A customer who bought an \$8,000 lot sold it to a friend of mine at a profit. The latter recently visited the islands and called, somewhat impatiently, at the sales office, with the inquiry: "When can I see my lot?"

"We will get that lot pumped up within thirty days," was the encouraging reply.

But Davis Islands has already completed one of the largest casinos in the State and two large apartment houses. Two hundred Spanish residences have been built. A yacht clubhouse, a country clubhouse, and a magnificent \$2,000,000 hotel are being constructed. Lots sold on Davis Islands, originally, at from \$6,000 to \$10,000. The subdivision was all disposed of several months ago and now there are many resales at prices ranging from \$20,000 to \$60,000.

Tampa was recently threatened with a small-pox epidemic. The Kiwanis Club, Civic Club, and other commercial organizations, running true to form, called on the newspapers to suppress all mention of small-pox. But the newspapers refused to do so, the health officer advocated proper publicity to promote general vaccination, and in spite of threats that were made to have him removed he won and the threatened epidemic was averted.

Business in Tampa, as well as in many other Southern cities, has been greatly damaged by the freight and express embargo, caused primarily by the strike of the telegraph operators, tower men, and some of the station agents of the Atlantic Coast Line. It is charged that the strike-breakers who took the places of the union workers are incompetent, and there have been many serious accidents on the road. In one case of a head-on collision two engineers and two firemen were killed and twenty-six persons injured.

The strike which tied up the Atlantic Coast Line sent a tremendous lot of freight to the other railroads, which nearly swamped them, and an embargo was necessary to enable the roads to clear their freight houses and yards. They have not cleared them yet, although the express embargo has been lifted. The strike was caused by a disagreement over the matter of seven cents an hour in wages. The railroad has virtually acknowledged the justice of the request of the telegraphers for more pay, for it is paying the strike-breakers as much or more than was asked by their old, experienced and well-trained employees. The public has learned how irregularly trains are running, how they are all greatly behind time, and many who were coming to Florida this winter have gone elsewhere or are staying at home.

While more people came to Florida before the holidays this year than came last year, since the holidays fewer tourists have come into the State than came a year ago. As a consequence, the real-estate men are doing less business than they did last year at this time, and rents for apartments are coming down.

The registration of tourists at the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce for the past thirty days has been about half what it was a year ago. The figures for Tampa I am not able to get.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

Lecturer.

National Committee American Civil Liberties Union.

National Committee Labor Defense Council.

Vice-Chairman League for Mutual Aid.

Secretary American Fund for Public Service since March, 1925.

Born August 7, 1890, Concord, N. H. Father a civil engineer.

High school—New York.

1906-16, Organizer, lecturer for I. W. W.

1918-24, Organizer Workers' Defense Union.

Arrested in New York, 1906, free-speech case, dismissed; active in Spokane, Washington, free-speech fight; 1909; arrested, Missoula, Montana, 1909, in free-speech fight of I. W. W.; Spokane, Washington, free-speech fight of I. W. W., hundreds arrested; in Philadelphia arrested three times, 1911, at strike meetings of Baldwin Locomotive Works; active in Lawrence textile strike, 1912; hotel-workers strike 1912, New York; Paterson textile strike, 1913; defense work for Ettor-Giovannitti case, 1912; Mesaba Range strike, Minnesota, 1916; Everett I. W. W. case, Spokane, Washington, 1916; Joe Hill defense, 1914. Arrested Duluth, Minnesota, 1917, charged with vagrancy under law passed to stop I. W. W. and pacifist speakers; case dismissed. Indicted in Chicago I. W. W. case, 1917. Arrested in Philadelphia, 1920, at Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, no police permit. Active in Sacco-Vanzetti defense, 1921-24.

Author: "Sabotage," suppressed during war.

—From "The American Labor Who's Who."

SHE began this amazing record by getting arrested on a street corner when she was fifteen. Her father was arrested with her. He never has been arrested since. It was only the beginning for her.

The judge inquired, "Do you expect to convert people to socialism by talking on Broadway?"

She looked up at him and replied gravely, "Indeed I do."

The judge sighed deeply in pity. "Dismissed," he said.

Joe O'Brien gives me a picture of her at that time. He was sent to cover the case of these people who had been arrested for talking socialism on Broadway. He expected to find a strong-minded harpy. Instead he found a beautiful child of fifteen, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. A young Joan of Arc is what she looked like to him with her dark hair hanging down her back and her blue Irish eyes ringed with black lashes. That was how she entered the Labor movement. Since then she has never stopped.

Presently she joined the I. W. W., which was then in its golden age. Full of idealism, it swept the Northwest. They had free-speech fights everywhere. The authorities arrested them and more came. They crammed the jails to bursting.

"In one town," said Elizabeth, "there were so many in jail that they let them out during the day. We outside had to feed them. Every night they went back to jail. At last

the wobblies decided that when the jail opened they would not come out. People came from far and near to see the wobblies who wouldn't leave jail."

This part of her life, organizing and fighting the fights of the migratory workers of the West, is the part of her life that she likes most. There is no period in all the labor history of America that is more picturesque, that has in it more gaiety and heroism than the early days of the singing wobblies. The very heart of this was "Gurley," not yet twenty, fearless, and beautiful. Her marriage did not affect her activities. The arrival of her son did. His birth closed this chapter of her life.

My first sight of her was in Lawrence in the big strike of 1912. I arrived just after the chief of police had refused to allow the strikers to send their children to the workers' homes in other towns. There had been a riot at the railway station. Children had been jostled and trampled. Women fainted. The town was under martial law. Ettor and Giovannitti were in jail for murder as accessory before the fact.

I walked with Bill Haywood into a quick-lunch restaurant. "There's Gurley," he said. She was sitting at a lunch counter on a mushroom stool, and it was as if she were the spirit of this strike that had so much hope and so much beauty. She was only about twenty-one, but she had gravity and maturity. She asked me to come and see her at her house. She had gone on strike, bringing with her her mother and her baby.

There was ceaseless work for her that winter. Speaking, sitting with the strike committee, going to visit the prisoners in jail, and endlessly raising money. Speaking, speaking, speaking, taking trains only to run back to the town that was ramparted by prison-like mills before which soldiers with fixed bayonets paced all day long. Almost every night when we didn't dine in the Syrian restaurant we dined in some striker's home, very largely among the Italians. It seemed to me I had never met so many fine people before. I did not know people could act the way those strikers could in Lawrence. Every strike meeting was memorable—the morning meetings in a building quite a way from the center of things, owned by someone sympathetic to the strikers, the only place they were permitted to assemble. The soup kitchen was out here and here groceries were also distributed and the striking women came from far and near. They would wait around for a word with Gurley or with Big Bill. In the midst of this excitement Elizabeth moved calm and tranquil. For off the platform she is a very quiet person. It was as though she reserved her tremendous energy for speaking.

The Paterson textile strike followed Lawrence. In Lawrence there was martial law and militia. It was stern, cruel, and rigorous. The Paterson authorities were all of that and besides they were petty, niggling, and hectoring. Arrests were many. Jail sentences were stiff and given for small cause. Elizabeth was also arrested, but set free again. The Paterson strike of all the strikes stands out in her memory. She got to know the people, and their courage and spirit were things that none of us who were there could ever forget.

In the summer of 1916 I went up to the Mesaba Range to report the strike of the iron miners. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn met me at the station, and when I commented on how tired she looked she explained: "You see, none of the hotels will take me in. So I've been living around at the miners, sometimes sleeping with two or three kids and sometimes

on broken-down couches." I got a double room in a hotel and she came to stay with me.

I went with her up and down the range through one iron town after another. It seemed to me that she never stopped. Sometimes she spoke in one day at several meetings separated by many miles. She was at strike headquarters the rest of the time, organizing relief, meeting with the strike committee. The committee was hampered by lack of funds, by the terrorizing tactics of the gunmen, by the imprisonment of ten chief organizers. Presently she was sent to Michigan to get strike funds from the miners on the Michigan iron range. Other wobblies who had attempted this had been beaten up, arrested, and taken in cars and dumped over the State border. So it seemed safer for a woman to go.

As we waited for our train in the station at Duluth it was evident that we were being watched. We were being followed. We boarded a different train leaving for a town sixty miles from our destination. We piled out at a desolate little country station at half past three in the morning. A single hotel was open and a boy was asleep there. After about an hour he managed to get us a rickety Ford which belonged to a silent Finn. Sitting behind this mountainous and uncommunicative man we drove cross country to Iron Mountain. As we came into town we had the satisfaction of seeing our shadows standing looking vacantly around the railway station.

We were quartered with some Italian miners. There had been talk that the meeting was to be stopped. Several Italian boys constituted themselves our bodyguard. These young men were not only ready to die for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; they were quite ready to kill for her. They told her darkly let any of the police so much as peep, much less lay hands on her—well, that would be the end of him. The meeting went off without police interference. But now the bodyguard, augmented by more men, crowded the house. They stalked around gloomily hoping for trouble.

"If the police speak to you, Gurley, we'll look after you."

"Wherever you go there some of us are."

The air was electric. Trouble was coming. Nothing short of a conflict with the police was going to satisfy them.

"There's going to be trouble," Elizabeth said, "if we don't get out of here." We decided to cut our visit short and catch the next train. With more care than we had taken to lose the trail of the police we eluded our saviors and quietly slipped into a car which was standing on a siding. There were plenty of people in jail already.

The strike on the Mesaba Range was the end of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's activities as organizer in the I. W. W. Just after the Espionage Act had been passed it happened that we went to the theater together. "If I were in the I. W. W. now," she said, "whether I opened my mouth or didn't I would surely be arrested. It's rather nice to draw a long breath." Next day she was arrested just the same. She was one of the 166 people associated with the I. W. W. indicted for conspiracy.

Defense work was no new thing to her, and from 1918 until recently her major activities have been getting political prisoners out of jail. And since 1921 she has concentrated on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. There has been constant work, there have been arrests, there has been her preoccupation with comrades in jail for their opinions. She comes out of her first twenty years in the labor movement undimmed and undiscouraged.

Letters from Tolstoi

Translated by HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

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[This is the second instalment of a series of hitherto unpublished letters from Leo Tolstoi to Eugen Heinrich Schmitt, a Hungarian philosopher, writer, and anarchist leader. The letters, received between the years 1894 and 1910, were written in German, except for a brief passage in Russian occurring in number X this week. The first eight letters, published in the last week's issue, contained comments and friendly criticisms from Tolstoi regarding the work carried on by Schmitt through his organization, the League of Gnostics, and his publications. Further letters will appear in subsequent issues of The Nation.]

IX

Moscow, March —

YOUR letter, dear friend, gave me great joy. It was so long since I had any news of you that I was very much concerned about you of late. Happily no evil has befallen you apart from that which must befall all of us and which we must all expect in one form or another. I see you are carrying on your war with the same energy and the same skill as before. I shall be frank if you will permit me to be so and I shall tell you what I feared and still fear for you: it is that you lay too much weight upon extraneous events and thereby forget the inward principles of your activity. I mean—could you avow to yourself that your actions would have been the same even though you knew that no man would know anything of them and you yourself would be unaware of their success? I believe that your character disposes you to let yourself be carried away more by external success than the satisfaction of an inner need.

It is only because I love you and treasure your work so highly that I permit myself to make this criticism. I hope that you will not take it ill. I know that "chaque vertue a les défauts de ses qualités" and that you occupy a distinct place in the Christian evolution which is now proceeding everywhere, a place for which you are particularly suited. But I was anxious to call your attention to your heel of Achilles because I am your true friend.

What is there new that I could write you about conditions in Austria and in Hungary apart from the fact that one is pained beyond measure to see how wretchedly stupid human beings may become and how horribly cruel this stupidity makes them? The people do not care about what they wish to communicate to one another but only in what language they may speak. To a Christian the world and all its doings is not only evil and sinful but also wonderful through its sheer folly and simplicity. Human beings are just like little children but without the innocence of children.

It is only yesterday that I gave your address to one of our friends—Arthur St. John, *ci-devant* English officer. I hope that you will get to know him and have pleasure in his company. Do you know the colony that has been founded in Georgia in the United States and the magazine it publishes, the *Social Gospels*? They are brothers in the faith. Their address is: Commonwealth, Georgia; Kalpp Albertson.

Your friend for love's sake,

LEO TOLSTOI

X

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received the draft of the manifesto as well as your letter of September 10. The idea of the manifesto is good, but I was not so well pleased with the form of it. It should be simpler and easier to understand for people who are not literary. Nor do I think your intention of collecting signatures for the manifesto very expedient. Our single but mightiest weapon is the power of convincing by means of the word, that is, by means of the truth clearly and powerfully expressed. But the mere signatures of persons whose opinions and sentiments we do not know have no value. Go write your manifestos in as strong and convincing a manner as possible—that is the only thing and the best thing you can do.

That other manifest or appeal was written by friends of mine, but it must appear as the foreword to an article or perhaps even a book dealing with the persecution of Christians. I shall send you the book or the article as soon as it is written. I have just received another paper concerning the latest persecutions of the Dukhobors in the Caucasus—it is written by a friend of mine who went there on purpose to find out everything in detail—and I am writing a foreword for this which I shall also send you. The article I should like to have published in the German newspapers of greatest circulation. How shall I proceed with this? As for your periodical I think it would be well if you were to have my preface to a book which has appeared in Russian in Berlin (under the title "Life and Death" by E.) translated and printed. You could secure this book in Berlin or obtain it through a friend of Shkarvan's—Dr. Duschon Makovizky.

I greatly regret that I must write you in German. Unconsciously my letters are thereby given a childish character, as I cannot fluently express my thoughts, so I shall now write you in Russian and hope that you will have no great difficulty in securing a translator.¹

Your suggestion of an appeal to humanity in connection with the prosecutions which are taking place because of the refusal to obey the demands of the state is excellent. You will see that I have done something similar in the preface I wrote for Droschshin's book—about which I have already written you. I have done this for Droschshin, you will do it for Shkarvan.² The greater the number of upright and warmhearted men that raise their voices in defense of truth, the better. I listen gladly to your own voice and I believe that it cannot fail to make an impression on men. But forgive me if I give you a little advice: pray, polish your work a little more. Imagine your reader to be a good-natured, intelligent, but uncultured workman and strive to express your thoughts as clearly and simply as possible. I would not advise you to do this did I not know that you are capable of it.

I have known Messrs. Egidy³ and Gutzeit for a long time, and I expect nothing more from them than I expect

¹ From this point on to the close the original letter is written in Russian.

² Shkarvan, a Hungarian, and Droschshin, a popular Russian poet of the people, had refused to do military service and were being persecuted for this.

³ Egidy played a considerable role during the nineties as the founder of a new ethical-religious movement.

from all people who consciously accept not the whole truth but only a part of it—namely only an obfuscation of the truth and other things that would prove disadvantageous to the divine work. I am therefore quite in sympathy with your intention of pointing out their errors and thus preventing their being held mistakenly by others to belong to us. Fare you well!

In all fraternity and love,

LEO TOLSTOI

XI

March 4, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received your letter and the last number of the *Religion of the Spirit*. The contents of the whole number please me very much, especially your article Without a State. The article will be translated into Russian.

I am sorry to hear that you have so few followers among the Nazarenes. These people are spiritually strong and carry their faith into their lives. And such a man is worth more for the realm of God than a hundred or a thousand who only talk and do not act. These Nazarenes must follow practices similar to those of the Choloanists, Stundista, and Dukhobors in our country. The oldest among them are always conservative and remain standing upon the level to which they or their predecessors had climbed with such great efforts and they wish to keep the younger men back upon the same level. But the young men must go onward because it is only such progress that constitutes real life, and it is precisely these young people whom one must help and with whom one must enter into communication.

We must write for these people and help them as much as possible. The future of Christianity as well as truth in life abides with these people, with the simple souls, with the workmen, not with the parasites. That letter to Spielhagen was sent to me. You answered him very well.

If I had more time and strength I would have answered Spielhagen alone over the heads of all the Socialist leaders and I would have said what I have longed to say for some time, namely, that the socialistic and liberal attitude is not only vain and can lead to no results but that it is highly pernicious because it attracts the best capacities to it, and instead of accustoming young people to assert and preserve their human dignity it imposes compromises upon them so that many of them go over to the camp of the enemy without noticing it—while they still believe that they are fighting for truth and freedom.

I am delighted to hear that you have got in touch with our English friends.

I am very sorry that I write German so badly, but I hope that you will understand what I wish to say.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XII

April 2, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I had great joy in your last letter and in what you wrote me in relation to the court action you are expecting because of your excellent article Without a State. From what you write me I see that you possess that real freedom which comes to every disciple of Christ as soon as he trans-

fers his ego from the animal to the spiritual. May God aid you to remain always true to this inner conviction.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XIII

September 25, 1896

DEAR FRIEND:

I have received both your letters. Pray excuse me for not having answered you sooner. I am delighted to hear that you have got clear of that entanglement with the government. It was inevitable, even though in a practical sense it may have been very hard on you. May God maintain and keep you in the spirit in which you write and labor.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

XIV

[No date]

DEAR FRIEND:

You write that human beings cannot understand how participation in the service of the state is incompatible with Christianity. For ages human beings were also unable to understand that indulgences, inquisitions, slavery, and torture were incompatible with Christianity. But the time came when this was finally understood, and the time will also come when, first, the irreconcilable nature of military service with Christianity will be understood, and then, later, with all service to the state in general.

It is now fifty years since Thoreau, a little-known but most remarkable and exceptional American writer whose magnificent essay which has just appeared (in the *Revue Blanche* of November 1, under the title *Désobéir aux lois*) not only clearly pointed out the duty of man not to obey the government, but actually himself furnished an example of this non-obedience. He refused to pay the taxes demanded of him, because he did not wish as a participant to give aid to a government which gave legal protection to slavery. He was sentenced to prison for this, and it was in prison that he wrote this essay.

Thoreau refused to pay the tribute of taxes to the state. It is self-evident by the same token that a man cannot serve the state—as you have so beautifully expressed it in your letter to the Minister of State, you consider it incompatible with honor and morality to perform services for an institution which is the representative of the legally consecrated murder of human beings and of legally sanctified exploitation.

Thoreau, it seems to me, was the first who dared to speak this truth—fifty years ago. At that time no one paid any attention to his refusal and to his essay, so strange did both appear. It was regarded as mere eccentricity. But now, fifty years later, your own refusal already occasions talk, as is ever the case when new truths are brought forth. It occasions talk and twofold astonishment—on the one hand that anyone could venture to express such peculiar opinions, and then on the other hand that one did not one's self long since hit upon the truths uttered by this man, truths which now appear so obvious and beyond dispute.

Your friend

LEO TOLSTOI

P. S. In order that you may improve the translation in parts in which it is faulty I am sending you the Russian original.

Ballad of Old Doc Higgins

By LEONORA SPEYER

[Awarded second prize in *The Nation's* Poetry Contest for 1926]

Old Doc Higgins shot a mermaid:
Vowed he'd ketch her, fish or woman, fiend or human;
Carryin' on along the river, caterwaulin' up the river,
Scarin' fish where they lay hid!
Swore he'd hev her, lights an' liver; (and what Doc Higgins
swore, he did).

Old Doc Higgins cleaned his gun:
The proper fishin'-hook, he'd swan, fer mermaids' gills;
The slickest tackle! (Leaning on the pasture-wall, old Doc
Higgins gave a cackle),
Watch him git her, pesky critter,
Tail an' all.

No one knew but old Doc Higgins:
No, an' none wuz goin' to know, 'twarn't no need fer folks to
know.
He saw sister Mame's boy go swimmin' to her, natteral fool!
All uncovered wuz her breast, hair all streamin', shiny'z gold,
An' the rest—a fish's tail gormin' up his troutin' pool!

Higgins saw and never told:
Hev the hull town call *him* crazy? Sister Mame's boy, loony,
lazy, heard him shoutin';
Turned an' laffed ez they went under, started kissin'—let 'em
wonder,
Knowin' how the boy cud swim—
They'd make no laffin-stock uv him!

But here's the thing that riled him so:
Jest ez he wuz settlin' down to a peaceful mornin's fishin',
(How his baited line would hum up the stream to some swift
eddy),
Settin' there enjoyin' things while the fish got good an'
ready—he cud feel their noses pushin'—
Jest ez they wuz bitin' some—up she'd come!

Naked to the waist; an' sassy! Wavin' to him, swimmin' by,
shameless hussy;
Or jest singin' ez she floated, kind uv high,
No toon at all . . . (And he noted how her tail would flash
and swish—
Gorry, how she scared the fish!) Old Doc Higgins on the shore
Yelled and swore.

And he'd watch her at the turning of the river, see her sink
Where the willow near the brink dipped to touch the mer-
maid's locks;
"Shucks," said old Doc Higgins, "Shucks!"
His ears did n't need no wax (thinking of the deafened crew,
And Odysseus, fettered fast), Oh he knoo a thing or two,
All the Higginses hed learnin'; need n't tie *him* to no mast!

Smilin' at him ez she passed—any lunk-head cud see through
her—
Like to take a cow-hide to her!

Poor old Mame; her only son . . . (yes, but listen as you
hasten,
Listen to the lonely singing, old man with a gun!)

*Ah who will seek Muirish,
The lost one, the sea-swan?
Ah ripples, ah road
Where the foolish, the frolicsome
Strayed to her sorrow!
Muireis is gone
From the waters of Kerry,
Ah tarry not, sisters,
But speedily come!*

*Beneath a strange willow
She grieves with her sorrow,
And all the bright sea-shells
Are fall'n from her hair;
Ah sisters, my friends,
Where the ancient tide ends
Will you fare,
Will you follow
The track of the tears?
To Muirish the lost one,
The sea-swan of Kerry,
Ah tarry not, sisters,
My loves and my dears!*

Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . .

Heathen singin', fit fer Satan! Creeping close as she rose
From beneath her willow-bough, old Doc Higgins held his
breath . . .

Now!
And a singing turns to sighing, and a sighing pales to dying,
And a dying lifts to death.

Ripples reddening as they float, rippling from a tender
throat,
Reddening from a cry of pain . . .
Old Doc Higgins stood there blinking, and his thoughts were
not all pretty
As he watched a whiteness sinking: wished he'd hed a good
look at her,
Never'd git that chance again.

Gosh, it wuz a fust-rate shot!—Kissin' Mame's boy ez she
drowned him,
Lips all pursed up when they found him,
Died uv kissin' like ez not—
Wal, there warn't no use in wishin';
An' tomorrer he'd go fishin'.

Mist can do strange things to rivers, make a ghost of any
river:
Such a day is good for fishing; old Doc Higgins vowed he'd
never

Seen the like, it did beat all, the way the pike
An' pickerel came a-crowdin' round; cat-fish too; and Lord,
the trout
Jumpin' out!

Peter wuz a fisherman; guessed he'd hev to let *him* pass—
There wuz bass over there lyin' low—Higgins thot he'd
like to go,
His time come to meet his God, with fishin-rod an' basket
spillin';
He'd be willin'! . . . *Say you so?*
Old Doc Higgins, say you so?

Mist that reaches thick and sallow up the ledges of the
land:

Up to where a tired old man sits a while beneath a willow,
(Willow-tree, you remember! But does he?)
And his pipe slips from his hand. . . . What's that creep-
ing through the sedges?
Have a care, old Doc Higgins, sleeping there!

Mist that swirls . . . mist . . . mist. . . .
Something holds him by the wrist: white and wet and cool
and strong—

Fish or woman, fiend or human!
Oh, the shoal of leaping girls all about him, all about him,
Beautiful and baleful throng. . . .

Muirish! Muirish! White Sea-swan!
Sister slain, sister slain! . . . And an answering crimson
stain
Rises rippling where she sank.
Oh, the whimpering little man, fighting, frightened on
the bank
As he wakes:

Sees a face—pale—pale—
Sees a tail—
Snatches at a bough that breaks!
(Vengeful little willow-tree),
"God-a-mighty! Leave me be! Leave me be!"

Thus they drowned him, old Doc Higgins, with their arms
like wreaths around him,
Heavy silver wreaths around him,
Struggling, strangling, tightly pressed to a soft ironic breast.
Thus he lies. . . .
In a grave of running water—who had slain a deep-sea
daughter.

Old Doc Higgins, old Doc Higgins, wishing so to die—
a-fishing—
Thus he lies, till all things rise; if there still be aught to rise.

The King of the Waltz

By HOWARD E. GREENE

HAD Johann Strauss been born this year, instead of
one hundred years ago, we wonder if he would have
carved out so great a place for himself by composing
dance music. Our musical mechanics can jazz his "Blue
Danube"; but it is hard to imagine him composing its
dreamy measures while his thoughts pictured the fan-
tastic figures of the dances we indulge in. Yet, with his
genius, he might have adapted jazz—instead of permitting
it to adapt him—and made of it a medium of genuine
classic expression.

There comes a time in the course of every line of
human endeavor when the one person capable of carry-
ing that line to its highest state of development makes his
appearance. Strauss was born at just the right time and
in exactly the right environment to take up waltz music
and advance it as far as it is likely to go.

Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," whose centenary is
being celebrated throughout Europe, was the son of
Johann Strauss, waltz king that was. Herr Kapellmeister
Strauss had no intention of permitting his son to usurp
his crown, appearing to suspect the youth of revolution-
ary tendencies even in his cradle. His suspicions were
not altogether based on intuitions. At the age of six,
before he knew one note from another, the precocious
infant composed his first waltz, his mother jotting down
the notes for him. This waltz, "The First Thought," was
first formally played on his fifteenth birthday and was
declared excellent. The Kapellmeister allowed Johann
and his brothers to take piano lessons, but he opposed
their larger ambitions; yet all three turned out to be
musicians. Johann studied the violin and organ in secret,

as well as advanced musical theory, and gave piano les-
sons to a couple of other children to pay for his own.

The revolt came in 1844, when Johann was 19. Frau
Strauss left her husband and Johann went with her and
established his own orchestra. His first concert occurred
at Dommayer's Casino in Heitzing on October 15. The
Vienna Zeitung, which carried his advertising, also carried
on the same page the announcement of a Grande Soirée
inserted by his father. The boy's concert caused mixed
feelings in local musical circles. His waltz, "Die Gunst-
werber," was an immediate success. The enthusiasm
increased with the selections until he was compelled to
play his "Sinnegedichte" eighteen times. His success over-
whelmed his critics and eventually drove his father out of
the country on a tour to win foreign laurels. Outdis-
tanced by the son whom he had tried to suppress, the
Kapellmeister returned embittered to die in 1849. Then
the son took over his father's musicians and advanced to
greater achievements, appearing from time to time in most
of the capitals of Europe and finally coming to the United
States in 1872, when he led 1,000 musicians at Boston in
playing the "Blue Danube" as a feature of the World's
Peace Jubilee.

The waltz king was small in size, given to gesticula-
tion, a good dresser, habitually wearing his hat at an
angle. He had a merry, childlike disposition and a great
love for practical jokes. His letters were full of humor
and he carried at the top of his letterheads the initial "J"
and the note, E flat, called "S" in German, as a sort of
standing jest. He was typically Viennese and his hand-
some appearance no doubt had something to do with mak-

ing him the most photographed and painted public man of his city. A word-picture of Strauss in action occurs in Mme de Hegermann-Lindencrone's "In the Courts of Memory." Describing a ball given by the Metternichs for the Emperor and Empress in Paris on May 28, 1867, she said:

At the same moment that their Majesties entered this wonderful ballroom, the famous Johann Strauss, brought from Vienna especially for the occasion, stood waiting with uplifted baton and struck up Blue Danube. . . . No one thought of dancing; everyone wanted to listen to the waltz. And how Strauss played it! . . . With that fire and *entrain!* We had thought Waldteufel perfect; but, when you heard Strauss, you said to yourself that you had never heard a waltz before. The musicians were partly hidden by gigantic palmettos, plants and pots of flowers, arranged in the most attractive way. But, he! Johann Strauss stood well in front, looking very handsome, very Austrian, and very much pleased with himself.

Naturally such a man could not escape romances. Once, in Russia, a father tried to force him to marry a piano pupil who had fallen deeply in love with him. The Austrian Embassy summoned him almost from the steps of the altar, placed him under arrest, and kept him locked up for weeks until he could be secretly passed over the border. At various concerts in Petrograd he had received flowers from a woman who had called herself "The Unknown." When Strauss finally met her, he fell in love with her; but her parents, who belonged to the nobility, betrothed her to a man of their own choosing and the composer threw himself at the feet of Henrietta Treffz, a singer with an unsavory past, and married her over the protests of his mother. He had cause to regret this rashness. That was in 1862. The same year, in a fit of fear lest his musical inspiration should run out, he studied painting for six months.

The next year he became director of the court balls and in the following seven years composed more than four hundred waltzes. The "Blue Danube" he composed one night when no paper was at hand; so he used his cuffs, which were of the detachable kind. The next morning he threw them in the wash, but Frau Strauss rescued them. He never could understand why this waltz was so popular. It brought him little more than his other waltzes, but it made his publisher rich. About the same time he composed "Künstlerleben," "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald," "Wein, Weib und Gesang" (Wine, Woman and Song), "Wiener Blut," and "Bei uns z'Haus." Early in the seventies he began composing his operettas, the best known of which are "Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron."

In the Driftway

IT has come to the ears of the Drifter that the necessity of restoring the Last Judgment is being made the occasion for quietly disrobing Michelangelo's tumult of heroic figures on the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The fluttering wisps of draperies that are now being removed were imposed 385 years ago by order of Pope Paul IV, in deference to the outraged modesty of the Italian Purity League of the day. The Drifter passes on the word. It will cause elation in the liberal breasts of artists who cherish their integrity and in the hopeful breasts of editors,

like the Drifter's colleagues, who believe that rational views can in the course of time and much linotyping be imposed upon humanity. It will cause no great concern to graduates of courses in the history of art who have learned to walk unblushing through the Metropolitan and the Louvre.

* * * * *

OTHER times, other customs. The Drifter is in the mood to acknowledge it. He recently paid one of his rare calls. It was at the home of old family friends. Now, the Drifter knows for certain that the wife and mother of that estimable fireside was once in her 'teens firmly led home by the hand when, at a party she was attending, "Skip to my Lou" showed tendencies of degenerating into actual dancing. Yet at the moment of the Drifter's call she was sending her daughter off to a ball with no fears whatever for the fearful tortures she should have expected for that daughter's ultimate future. Moreover, she was playing "Rummy" with her husband and sons and would not have swept the cards under the table if it had been the preacher instead of the Drifter who had called. So far down the insidious path staked out by "Authors" and "Old Maid" stroll the mothers of today!

* * * * *

AT any rate, the Drifter is no more excited over the undressing of Michelangelo's splendid nudes than was the great Italian himself at the clothing of them. He said never a word. When Biagio waxed indignant over the painting, which he told Pope Paul III was "only fit to decorate a bathroom or a tavern," the master calmly gave his Minos in Hell the unmistakable features of the complainant. Paul III offered the irate man no help. "It's too bad," the Pope said. "If only Michelangelo had placed you in Purgatory, I might have been able to do something for you; but in Hell, there is no redemption." It was only when Paul IV came along that Biagio, who was the Judge Ford of his day, won revenge and his point. Now, 385 years after, he loses it again. But the Drifter does not rejoice. He knows that if the painting only lasts long enough, before another 385 years are past another Daniel Ricciarelli will be called to do the job over again and become the second seamstress for an again misunderstood artist.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Militarism in Education

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three hundred and eighty-two universities, colleges, and secondary schools are listed by the War Department as maintaining some form of military training. In 197 schools attendance at drill is to some extent compulsory. Some require it for the first two years, some for the last two years, some for four years.

The actual value of this training for purposes of national defense is very low. It is even lower as a means of promoting physical health and ideals of right citizenship. But as a means of keeping alive the military view of life, its value is high. The military view of life is opposed to freedom of speech and conscience and to faith in reason and good-will as the foundations of security.

Many of our finest young students who come closest in contact with military training see this clearly. The Evanston Interdenominational Student Conference in resolutions, widely printed, declared for abolition of military training in high schools, in church and denominational schools, and in all col-

leges, including the compulsory features in land-grant institutions. Recently student referendums in such places as the College of the City of New York and Ohio State University have shown majorities against compulsory training.

The National Study Conference of the Churches held in Washington with representatives from twenty-eight communions declared: "We emphatically disapprove of compulsory military training. We urge careful review of the effect of military training in all its phases." The Ohio Pastors' Association during the week the student referendum was being taken at the Ohio State University, and when the whole State was talking about the action of the Cleveland school board in ousting all military training from Cleveland's schools, unanimously voted in favor of abolishing military training in all high schools and its compulsory element in colleges.

Do our churches mean business? Will they back up their own young people and their own representatives? One concrete opportunity to answer this question with an emphatic "Yes" is furnished by the existence of the Committee on Militarism in Education, which issued the widely circulated pamphlet by Winthrop D. Lane. Among its members are Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Arthur E. Morgan, Professor George A. Coe, Professor Manley O. Hudson, Professor Luther A. Weigle, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, the Reverend Walter Russell Bowie, the Reverend Ernest Tittle, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Sherwood Eddy, Alva M. Kerr, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas, and William Allen White.

The committee seeks help. This can be given by people in two ways: first, by sending name and address to Committee on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, so that the committee may know on whom to count; second, by sending a contribution, however small, to the emergency fund of \$5,000 which must be raised to carry on the fight against a process of militarization which unless stopped will destroy all hope of making America a leader in establishing world peace.

New York, January 28

SAMUEL M. CAVERT
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

One-Sided Public Hearings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter in *The Nation* of January 13 Secretary Jardine says that his decision about the narcissus "will rest on answers to three questions, and on nothing else." It seems that he does not yet fully appreciate the issue, or he would have counted in a fourth question not less obviously relevant, viz.: If bulbs from certain sources are cut off by this embargo and the nation derives its supply from other sources, are the latter sources equally infected? Specifically, if the supply from Holland is cut off and we are told to get them from the northern Pacific States, is it or is it not true, as has been publicly alleged, that the Pacific coast bulbs are worse infected than the Dutch bulbs?

Why, after holding a two days' public hearing, does the Secretary not yet know what the principal grounds of objection to the embargo are? Because the hearing, though conducted in the customary way, was not conducted in an even-handed way. The customary way is not even-handed. The opponents of the embargo spoke publicly, and, as I understand, the representatives of the Horticultural Board had the opportunity to question them if they wished. Whatever testimony the board gave to the Secretary was exempt from cross-examination; other persons might ask Mr. Marlatt questions in the public press, but he was not compelled either to answer or to refuse to answer; he could answer such parts as he chose to and overlook the rest as unessential. Yet treatises on the law of evidence say that one of the chief reasons against admitting hearsay evidence is that testimony not submitted to cross-examination is so much less reliable. If at the hearing

Mr. Marlatt had been put on the stand to answer the question why he laid the embargo against Holland and not against Oregon, and had been required either to give a reason for the difference or to say that he did not wish to answer, we should have an issue joined. As it is, respectable persons are charging that the northern Pacific States are grievously infected with the parasites in question and that the board is failing to announce any specific method by which it proposes to guard the rest of the country against their importation from Oregon, but nobody puts himself in the position of denying either of those propositions; consequently there is no dispute in which the evidences on the two sides can be compared.

The trouble is not this specific case but the general custom. When a protest against a governmental policy is recognized as important enough to call for a public hearing, it ought to be part of the routine that the official chiefly responsible should be put on the stand to answer, or refuse to answer, such questions as his critics want to ask. As long as we do not have this rule it will be clear that we do not really regard our officials as our servants but, more or less, as our masters.

In this respect, at least, the British way works better: they do ask an official to answer questions.

Ballard Vale, Mass., January 16 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Romain Rolland's Sixtieth Birthday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the 29th of January Romain Rolland celebrates his sixtieth birthday and many in all parts of the world are blessing him for his service and leadership. The struggles and accomplishments of these years are a long and intricate story with sequels still in the making—but in a paragraph perhaps one can best evaluate them by saying that with brilliant mind and honest heart he created Jean Christophe, and then when the crisis verified itself in history Romain Rolland with undimmed vision and unshaken moral courage stood fast by his standards and ideals.

He repeated in deed the word of his own Olivier: "I love my dear France; but I cannot slay my soul for her sake—nor betray my conscience. That would be the betrayal of my fatherland. How can I hate without hatred? Or without falsehood play a part in the Comedy of Hate? I will not hate. I will be just to my enemies. In the midst of all suffering I will keep a clear vision that I may have understanding and love for all."

Now a birthday is bringing him congratulatory messages from all over the world, from the great ones and from the unknown; from men of letters and young artists; from "Young India" and from Tagore; from a Japanese sculptor and from the "Rollandist" group in Japan; from an English author who hopes to celebrate the seventieth and eightieth anniversaries in like comradeship with the world grown more sympathetic to their teachings; from American youth who in their disillusionment in the trenches found salvation in the sanity of Jean Christophe; and from a chorus of many tongues thankful that Romain Rolland's life and work still give faith and hope.

Salutations to the world's Peace Laureate.

Geneva, Switzerland, January 16 RHO FISK ZUEBLIN

First Call for Breakfast

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My journalistic pet, the Drifter, has grieved me to the heart. Does he know what a wonderful dish on a cold morning is oatmeal porridge with real cream and brown sugar? I'd almost rather be a Scotchman than miss that gem of winter breakfasts.

San Francisco, January 7

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

Books, Art, Plays

First Glance

THAT the poetry of the American Indians was great poetry of some sort has been manifest ever since the Bureau of American Ethnology, the American Folk Lore Society, and other such institutions began to encourage its study and to print reliable texts along with reliable—though not always interesting—translations. This material, however, either has remained inaccessible to a public not inclined to get its poetry through research or has seemed somewhat formidable, once a layman found it, because of the armor of scholarship in which it was laced. For at best the poetry of the Indian is many removes from any poetry that we know, having to be approached, if it is to be reached at all, through a series of arduous disciplines and adjustments. Latterly there have been efforts by individuals to bring it more directly to its natural public. Natalie Curtis's "The Indians' Book" is still the most effective of these efforts, though the anthology of Indian poems which George W. Cronyn brought out seven years ago under the title "The Path on the Rainbow" achieved a genuine popularity. More recently Mrs. Mary Austin in "The American Rhythm" established the importance of Indian poetry as a sign showing the path which all American poetry in the future might have to take. And now in a new anthology, "American Indian Love Lyrics and Other Verse" (Macmillan: \$1.75), Miss Nellie Barnes returns to the argument.

Mrs. Austin contributes a foreword to Miss Barnes's book, while Miss Barnes in a concluding essay discusses the matter of Indian poetic form; and both are right in their insistence upon the difficulties besetting anyone who tries truly to master the secrets of this most intricate aboriginal art. Mrs. Austin once more invokes the "landscape line" and speaks of "environmental distinctions between Zuni and Iroquois and Omaha"; while Miss Barnes analyzes at some length the varieties of "thought-movement" and "thought-rhythm" which one should educate oneself to feel before presuming to comprehend the full beauties contained in her book. Both are certainly right in their contempt for the quantities of pseudo-Indian verse with which we happen at present to be blessed. And yet I suspect that they are defeating their purpose when they offer the thorns rather than the flowers of Indian verse to the first eager grasp of those modern poets whom they evidently wish to instruct. I am convinced that every contemporary American poet who takes his profession seriously would do well to read Miss Barnes's collection—along with those mentioned above. But I am sorry that it comes with so much apparatus.

For many of the poems taken here from Natalie Curtis, Alice C. Fletcher, Alice Corbin, Mrs. Austin, and Washington Matthews are very beautiful. And I cannot doubt that a poet left to himself would discover the proper reasons for their beauty. If these were his own reasons rather than the ethnologist's, perhaps so much the better. At any rate he could not fail to observe the truth of Miss Barnes's all too few remarks upon the fact that "the rhythms of nature float through the rhythms of Indian verse." One susceptible to the American sky and the American terrain cannot but acknowledge the Indian as the poetic master of these elements which he was. Who can tell how much

American poetry may result from such an acknowledgment?

In Eda Lou Walton's "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs" (Dutton: \$2.50) we have an attempt, unfortunately not always successful, to make American poetry out of Indian poetry. Miss Walton in eschewing the repetitions so characteristic of her originals achieves at best an intelligent clarity and at worst a certain barrenness. The repetitions are frequently annoying, but always, it would seem, they are necessary.

MARK VAN DOREN

From John Brown to George Babbitt

Amerika und Sein Problem. Von M. J. Bonn. München: Meyer und Jessen.

ACCORDING to Professor Bonn the outstanding problem of America grows out of the fact that into this vast extent of territory with its diversity of soil, climate, and landscape there has streamed for more than a century a population which we have attempted to cast in the Puritan mold of New England. Will this aggregation of humanity, formed of many races, ever be amalgamated into a single type? Or, now that the turbulent stream of immigration has been shut off at its source, will there be an evolution in which the tone and colors of European civilization are reflected? This is the problem which Professor Bonn proceeds to analyze by sketching the landscape, the physical features, and those sections of the population that have common characteristics because of racial or historical origins.

This leads him to devote a chapter to the province of Quebec; and it is here that he makes his most original contribution. There is something unusually vivid in his account of "New France"; of how a section of the Old World was transplanted here on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, how a society grew up where the church was to rule the spiritual life, the king the political, and the feudal lord the social; and finally how it all failed in the defeat of Montcalm by Wolfe in 1759, followed by the peace of 1763, in which England gained the New World. This event partly freed America from Europe; the revolution completed the process. But the French in Canada will never be assimilated; they will always form an island in the great Anglo-American ocean.

New England and the West are subjected to a similar treatment, and having thus traced the lines of historical development Professor Bonn next considers the social problems that give rise to the political. He ruthlessly overturns the "melting-pot" and, on examining its contents, concludes that, in spite of the heat applied, it did not fuse. Neither has the process of Americanization, attended with all the patriotic fervor of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, secret societies, and expulsion of aliens, brought about a standard of the New England type. In fact, the Ark of the Covenant of American civilization seems to have been Ellis Island rather than Plymouth Rock. To the foreigner American civilization must have meant something external only, a fabric woven of material whose fibers were too weak to resist the force of new ideas. There was no inner unity, because the soul of the foreigner was not understood; and the fact that we tolerate the Ku Klux Klan and the exclusion acts is the most positive proof that the great majority of Americans have given up all hope of assimilation.

Nor has America become Europeanized. New York City with its foreign population is not America, neither is California with its political intolerance and its boastful exaggerations; the nearest approach to the present American type is still found in the Midwest, where soil, climate, landscape, and a spirit of detachment conspired to form a somewhat narrow but rugged and vigorous type characteristic of agrarian communities.

Through all the diversity of external forms a spirit of unity has forced itself and has attempted to impose upon all the acceptance of a common standard of mediocrity. But the spirit of our democracy itself has changed. To come from John Brown to George Babbitt is to come a long way; striking is the contrast between that democracy which welcomed Kossuth and that which for the same reasons now excludes the Karolyis. Whatever the underlying cause of the change that has come over the spirit of America since the Civil War, the doctrine of force applied to the newcomer and non-conformist has crushed the spirit of liberty and dulled the sense of moral values. It has resulted in the creation of a new American type which our industrial technique is attempting to standardize. Against this tendency the old spirit of freedom, subdued for an historical moment only, rebels, and a new multiform life begins. America's problem is to liberate the conflicting elements of our national life and so coordinate them that peaceful evolution may not be interrupted by a violent explosion such as recently blew the European system to atoms.

KARL F. GEISER

Paul Morand

Closed All Night. By Paul Morand. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

TO convey the flavor of Paul Morand one needs to be able to convey the flavor of jazz, and critics mostly flounder when they strive to communicate that roystering, sad, ecstatic expression of too civilized, too disillusioned man weeping and exulting over the rediscovery of his ancient and restoring lusts. The enormous sadness of jazz is greater than the sadness of Dante, and the ecstasies of jazz are more violent than the ecstasies of Goethe and of Anatole France. Yeats once listed as the qualities of journalists "their absorption in the life of the moment, their delight in obvious originality and in obvious logic, and their shrinking from the ancient and the insoluble." Jazz at its best sweeps us off our feet because it unites an ecstatic absorption in the life of the moment with an insistence on the ancient and the insoluble.

But to convey bogglingly the flavor of Morand is to tell almost as little about him as the uninitiated get from a first reading of one of his books. His competence in the titillating craft is luscious and deadly. "The first violin advanced toward us, holding poised on his instrument a flexible waltz, which he suddenly pours into our fruit plates." There seems no disillusion, no disease of the flesh, to which Morand is a stranger. He has a keen ear for the crepitations of the soul. In all these so-called character sketches, which are likewise little epitomes of the jazz era in different localities, or, as William Drake lucidly explains the sulphurous compound, "a long sequence of brilliant clinical notes on post-war European society," there are passages of subtle observation that put a Strachey or a Bradford to the blush and almost land Morand in the company of Turgenev and Balzac.

And so the jazz, we see, is hybrid. For what business have these exquisite little cameos to be scattered about in the racket of saxophones? What business here has the pervading melancholy of the disillusioned post-warrior who thinks he sees civilization hastening to its ruin? Or why should the whole be enameled all over with the hard brilliancy of the precocious young aesthete who knows his way about, the precocious young cosmopolite who was born in Russia and polished in Oxford, who knows Rome and Madrid, New York and Bangkok, and sees through them all and exults savagely in them all, and pities them all?

But to call the jazz hybrid is only to say that Morand has made it over in his own image. And that image is too startlingly new to classify as yet. Like Villon he pours with unexampled zest the newest water of experience. Like Petronius he pities the thing he loves. Only time will show whether the wine of his emotion can grow rich and old.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Wood and the Trees

Prometheus, or Biology and the Advancement of Man. By H. S. Jennings. The Today and Tomorrow Series. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.

Evolution and Genetics. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Princeton University Press. \$2.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

AN anthology of interesting facts is no more science than a list of pigments is art. Yet most popularizers paste together strings of facts that may amuse, interest, or astonish, and sell the result as science. It takes an outstanding scientist to popularize science, a man great enough to see beyond the mountains of fact the significant developments in the search for truth and at the same time broad enough in his sympathies to present these clearly in relation to common knowledge. Mr. Jennings is such a man. He is profoundly intimate with the field of experimental breeding, yet he is able to give the most recent findings on the relative roles of environment and heredity in a pocket booklet.

In contrast to the hard and fast Mendelism found in textbooks, Mr. Jennings points out that there are no such things as characters in the adult that depend upon single units of heredity; in fact, every character depends upon many if not all of the units carried by the germ cells. Every stage in development from the egg to death is the reaction of the constitution of the cells and their surroundings—heredity and environment. There is no structure due alone to heredity; there is no response to a changed environment that is not limited by the hereditary materials from which the person started.

Prometheus brought fire; man devised clothes and civilization and vaccines. The weak and non-resistant are more and more permitted to breed their kind. The better the conditions, the weaker becomes the stock. Thus the eugenists. But there is nothing to prove that the softening is more potent than the beneficial effects of the improved conditions. Negative eugenic measures in cutting down the number of extreme degenerates may accomplish something toward the advancement of man, but the really important measure is to remove the futility, incompetence, and unreason responsible for social disasters. This the eugenists would do by selecting the superior. But nature has set up a system to prevent uniformity in man; great men never reproduce themselves. "Capitalists will contrive to produce artists, poets, socialists, and laborers; laboring men will give birth to capitalists, to philosophers, to men of science; fools will produce wise men and wise men will produce fools."

With this general view Mr. Morgan, the acknowledged leader of modern geneticists, fully agrees. "Evolution and Genetics" is a revision of "A Critique of the Theory of Evolution," with a new chapter on the Non-Inheritance of Acquired Characters and one criticizing the evidence of human inheritance. While admitting the validity of conclusions that certain structural peculiarities are inherited according to known laws, Mr. Morgan considers the evidence for psychological traits—even insanity and feeble-mindedness—to be obscure. For "normal" mental differences the case is still more dubious. In consequence of this he is "inclined to think that the student of human heredity will do well to recommend more enlightenment on the social causes of deficiencies rather than more elimination in the present deplorable state of our ignorance as to the causes of mental deficiencies." He advises a little good-will on the part of the race propagandists in the face of the extraordinary difficulty of discovering the genetic basis of behavior.

The one connection between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Dorsey is that the latter, too, objects to race propaganda. Unfortunately he is laughing so much of the time, and he objects to so many people, that none of his attacks will be taken seriously.

Under cover of popularization, and with the need of drawing a crowd, he becomes sarcastic, flippant, loud-mouthed, unbuttoned; and the crowd gathers. He sets out to tell "why we behave like human beings," but he does not get beyond telling how the human body works—in the first half largely its internal workings, in the second mainly its behavior according to J. B. Watson. Like the typical popularizer he gives mazes of facts, but with this difference: they are forced down your throat by a staccato, tom-tom style. Inebriation from driest subjects. Abandon. Dazzling fire-works. Epigrammatic; a-grammatical. Illustrative; alliterative. Elliptical; complete. You read till you are pummeled senseless. This Coney Island, electric-sign, jazz method does not sell science; it sells Dorsey.

E. C. MACDOWELL

The World Court

The World Court. By Antonio S. de Bustamante. Translated by Elizabeth F. Read. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE fact that Judge de Bustamante is one of the judges of the World Court entitles his book to a special measure of respect. But the reviewer, like the law, is no respecter of persons, and he must judge the book solely on its merits. The judgment, which may be briefly rendered, is wholly favorable.

The book is admirable. The author traces rapidly the historical antecedents, outlines the various projects as to an international court during the past several centuries, describes the Hague Conference and the Central American Court of Justice, gives an excellent picture of the steps that finally led to the creation of the present World Court, summarizes that Court's procedure and jurisdiction, and serviceably tells what the Court has done up to the present time. The chapter on Sanctions does not deserve quite as much praise as do the other portions of the book. This business of sanctions—a polite word for the exercise of compulsion and force—is a delicate, or perhaps more accurately, an indelicate one. While the author indicates that the highest sanction a world court can have is public opinion, he points out none the less that "the benefits of Article 13 of the Covenant have already been made applicable to the Court's decisions."

In temper the book is all that it should be. Judge de Bustamante avoids the rhetoric and pomp which seem so often to flow from the pen of international authors. It is refreshing to find here no claim of infallibility. For example, in connection with the moot question of advisory opinions, the author remarks that "it is dangerous to make prophecies beside the cradle. If they come true it is almost always by chance." Such an attitude affords a welcome contrast to the cocksureness of Professor Hudson of Harvard. Miss Read's translation is excellent.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

Mr. Morley's Fancy

Thunder on the Left. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

THIS story has left the general reading public in doubt as to what it is all about, and the reason lies somewhere between the mental laziness of the average reader and a technical fault in the story itself. The book is a fantasy, one of these unreal constructions which should be approached in a dream-mood capable of easy and immediate acceptance of certain inaccuracies and improbabilities. It seems hardly necessary to add that if one is to get the most out of a dream there must be a deliberate working out of its symbolism after it is all over. To be secure in its final effect such a book as Mr. Morley's should either have some new, inspired solution ready to wake the reader up or be carried to such a clearly pointed explanation of its mechanism that there is little difficulty in

quickly gathering up the loose ends of allegory. A falling short in this latter respect is the fault I find with "Thunder on the Left."

Certainly the book has nothing new to say. The plea for a return to the simplicity of childhood in our relations with the world is a very old one. A poet's longing for the simple beauty shared by nature and the gods—a sentimental regression to a childhood untarnished by custom and superficiality—is hardly a practical answer to the question what is wrong with adult life. But aside from this flabbiness in fundamentals there is good trickery in the book, like that of the stage magician who produces a great variety of things from what looks like an old hat. There is fine tracery of psychological detail, and of mood and emotion. The characters are sketched with rare freshness and alertness. And I do not mean to say that there are not times when Mr. Morley strikes deep notes with his left-handed thunder—when, for instance, he shows a child suffering from the start because of the self-centered blindness of his elders or when he suggests that the child personality in all of us may occasionally be the only guide out of some labyrinth of mind or conduct. Most pleasing is the classical arrangement of the plot time—a week-end only, and embroidered on it, backward and forward, lives and years, the pathetic little love story of Martin and Joyce, broken before it is begun. And the week-end itself is only the vision of another hour. More than this I must not let myself be tempted to discuss. One doesn't break an iridescent bubble just blown; one doesn't recapitulate the details of a fantasy.

HELEN HERSH

Books in Brief

Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. Revised and Illustrated Edition. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

Selected Poems. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Lindsay, who has written a small amount of excellent poetry, loses by collection all that Mr. Masters, who has written a large amount of excellent poetry, gains by selection. Mr. Masters, who has been too voluminous, will even further consolidate his position with this meaty volume. Mr. Lindsay, growing ever more voluminous, will soon be lost from sight.

A Wild-Animal Round-up. By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

A rather chaotic account, by one, however, who knows his job, of adventures undergone in the killing or capturing of wild animals and the exhibiting of them in a metropolitan zoo.

Edgar Saltus the Man. By Marie Saltus. Chicago: Pascal Covici. \$3.

An intimate account of Saltus from the best and not least critical source.

The Song of the Indian Wars. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

Mr. Neihardt's third volume in a projected epic cycle of the heroic West. As always his documentation is interesting and his narrative good; but as always his verse is heavy.

Valentine's Manual of old New York: 1926. Edited by Henry Collins Brown. Valentine's Manual, Inc.

This new volume in an invaluable antiquarian series celebrates the New York of 1875-1885.

The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach. By Esther Meynell. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

Purporting to come from Bach's widow, this story of a life which lends itself especially well to sympathetic narrative

furnishes an admirably informal introduction to Bach the person.

The Adelphi Edition of the Works of Jane Austen. London: Martin Secker. Seven volumes.

Lady Susan. By Jane Austen. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

The most complete edition to date of Jane Austen's writings, containing, as it does, not only the six finished novels but the fragmentary "Lady Susan" and "The Watsons." Unfortunately "Sanditon," "Love and Freindship," and the incomparable letters are still lacking. Several subsequent volumes comprising these would make this edition all that could be desired. It is less elegant than the fine Oxford edition of 1923, but easier to handle; the typography and binding are attractive; the sensible introduction by Frank Swinnerton appreciates Jane Austen without descending to sentimentality and gives her credit for both malice and gaiety—that is, considers her as something less than a saint. There are, happily, no notes; this is an edition for readers and rereaders, not for students. "Lady Susan" now appears in an edition uniform with the recent "Sanditon," with all the author's misspellings intact. A true copy of the original manuscript, it is as such valuable both as displaying Miss Austen's vagaries in the matter of punctuation and her weakness for "beleive" and "veiw."

Impressment of American Seamen. By James Fulton Zimmerman. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

An exhaustive study of a controversy which, although at no time of first-rate importance in Anglo-American diplomacy, played a leading part in inflaming American opinion against Great Britain and bringing on the War of 1812. Dr. Zimmerman points out that the legal complications which resulted from the conflict between the British theory of indefensible allegiance and the American doctrine and practice of naturalization were not, in fact; the most important aspect of the quarrel and that the lack of a proper system of enlisting seamen for the British navy did a good deal to keep British practice in countenance. As a matter of fact the American doctrine of expatriation, "in the fulness of its expression," was "never stated by the American government until 1848, after the impressment controversy had ended," the main objection to British procedure being based on the attempt to give to a municipal prescription the character of international law, thereby perverting a legitimate right of search into a means of enforcing British allegiance on neutral vessels found on the high seas. It is interesting to note that although the controversy ceased to cumber American diplomacy after the Ashburton treaty of 1842, and expatriation was legalized by Parliament in 1870, the right of impressment was never formally renounced.

Art

Louis Lozowick

THE hierarchy of the arts, so far as experimental development is concerned, for at least the last twenty-five years has been something like this: painting, poetry, the novel, the drama. I am not sure just where music would come in, but formal innovation began with painting, trickled through the free-verse movement, went by way of Stein and Richardson into the novel, and is only now entering the theater. The present is a period of synthesis, and as usual painting leads the way. Comprehensibility, lucidity, and content are assuming new values, but this does not mean a return to the gentle romantic standards of 1895.

At the New Art Circle have been on exhibition the works of a young American of thirty-five who has already attracted

a great deal of attention in France and Germany. The city-scapes of Louis Lozowick are almost as far removed from the pure painting of Cézanne's followers as they are from the pre-Raphaelite maidens of Burne-Jones. In one sense they are almost literature—Seattle in these pictures is definitely Seattle, New York is definitely New York; the titles add to their value, and no one having seen them can disassociate them from what they portray. And although Lozowick has had a long and exacting training in cubism, his pictures are perfectly comprehensible—put them in any shop-window and every street urchin will know what they are about. Lozowick has used the language of modern painting to express something both magnificent and convincing.

Ten paintings and ten black-and-whites formed the exhibition. The black-and-whites were done wholly with ruler and compass—the paintings considerably so. No paintings I have ever seen succeeded so well in conveying the hardness of modern life. The paintings (with a couple of exceptions) were abstract landscapes—huge mental panoramas of the essential qualities of as many selected American cities. In this they bore some relation to the works of Joseph Stella, but where Stella sees the chaotic confusion of the machine age Lozowick sees its essential orderliness, its integration. The plastic qualities, with the single exception of the color, were admirable—though each painting had a definite representational value, each formed a balanced and almost geometrical design with subtle and harmonious overtones and variations affording extraordinary interest and depth.

In many curious ways these paintings run parallel to the ancient Chinese landscapes. The Chinese painted the country, Lozowick paints the city; like theirs, however, his paintings represent no definite scene anywhere actually existing, but a synthesis of the essential qualities of scenes created in the painter's mind. Like theirs, his have some story value; like theirs, his are essentially contemplative rather than sensuous. Like the Chinese again, and unlike almost every other modern artist, Lozowick paints vast panoramas—and these not as mere retreating sequences from some smaller interest closer at hand; the panorama is the subject, and the only subject, of most of his pictures. And finally, like the Chinese, Lozowick has never learned the modern use of color. His paintings are in reality tinted drawings, in which respect he has the defect of Blake, who, unexcelled in line, never learned, in the modern phrase, to model with color. Light-and-shade values are excellent, and the paintings themselves reproduce much better than do the lithographs which Lozowick has made after some of the same subjects, but there seems no compelling necessity for the color treatments actually used, and the fact that some of the canvases have been restudied in various colors would tend to show that the artist himself is aware of this limitation. In two cases, the Butte and the Minneapolis, both of which are in different tones of the same color, the uncertainty conspicuously does not exist, and the example of the Chinese again, who also use one or two colors, would indicate that this is the best method for an artist who has a less fundamental feeling for color than he has for line.

The black-and-whites, less ambitious than the canvases, were wholly successful. They are intended as units for continuous decorative designs, such as those in wall-paper, for instance. Modern decorative design is in every instance the geometric simplification of elements taken originally from the world around us—flowers, trees, human figures, and so forth. Lozowick believes that the inorganic world surrounding modern man is as fertile in subjects for decorative use as the organic world of our ancestors; and the girders, the automobile tires, the cams and cogwheels that he has organized into designs of almost painful beauty are enough, I think, to convince any skeptic that he is right. No one who has looked at this exhibition can thereafter fail to see a new meaning in the gorgeous and intricate delicacy of machines or in the smooth majesty of skyscrapers.

ROBERT WOLF

Drama

Another Modern

FRANZ WERFEL, the most admired of contemporary German writers for the stage, could hardly receive a more advantageous introduction to the American public than that which is afforded by the current production of "The Goat Song" (Guild Theater). The Guild has given the piece a gorgeously beautiful series of settings designed by Lee Simonson and has intrusted the leading parts to a group of unusually capable actors. The result will be not only the thrilling of many spines but the wagging of many heads as well; for though the interest and the excitement of the piece are unescapable, Werfel is one of those writers who insist upon suggesting that more is meant than meets the eye. His story of a misbegotten monster who finally escaped from the prison in which its terror-stricken parents had hidden it to spread the spirit of revolt and destruction over the countryside is told in the most straightforward of manners, and it is vivid enough to constitute its own excuse for being, even though it possessed no more than that ambiguous air of relevance which clings about every thrilling legend and which gives to the story of Hamlet or Don Juan as many meanings as there are imaginations to interpret it. But Werfel, unfortunately perhaps, is a conscious metaphysician as well as a poet; he insists that we understand him as he wants to be understood, and in the preface to his version of "The Trojan Women" he sets forth a theory of tragedy which is supposed to explain not only the play which his remarks preface but, I presume, "The Goat Song" as well.

The world into which man is born (I paraphrase the German edition) is essentially meaningless. Impulse and Accident rule all things, while Reason, the fearful distinction of man alone, stands terrified before the brutal drama of the elements. Yet from this disjunction between Man and Nature springs tragedy, a spark which leaps from the pole Reason or Sensibility to the pole called Life or Accident. It is the accusation which humanity brings against fate; it is the result of the fact that there exists in all nature an original sin for which man alone is compelled to atone; and yet it is only the tragic sentiment of life (*pace* Unamuno) which can transform the chaos of Nature into a Cosmos. And thus if "The Goat Song" must be diagrammed the diagram is, I take it, as follows: The monster, so unwillingly born and so carefully guarded, is the original sin of Nature. When released from its bonds through the carelessness of a rationalistic doctor with a leaning toward an eighteenth-century faith in the beneficence of Nature it spreads destruction; and because Earth-guilt is eternal the monster is no sooner thought dead than the heroine discovers the first signs of life in the son which she is, by and by, to bear it.

Now, this is first-rate metaphysics. It is old-fashioned German idealism which has given up the struggle to prove that all is really for the best and which, turned pessimist, has confessed that there must exist an eternally unreconcilable conflict between Phenomenon and Idea, to each of which is granted an ultimate reality. But metaphysicians do not usually write good drama, and "The Goat Song" is good less because Werfel has formulated a systematic metaphysic than because he happens also to possess the imagination of a poet—as the result of which his symbols take on a concreteness which makes it not only possible to forget that they represent abstractions but, indeed, rather difficult to remember that they do. To the making of his temperament has gone a good deal more than the influence of a peculiarly German philosophical tradition. He has the exacerbated nerves of the typical modern, and that weariness of life which leads men to seek the thrill of the horrible for its own sake plays a larger part in his artistic processes than he would care to admit. His plays succeed because, though they are put forth as the expression of a

philosophy, they are in actuality expressions of that much more complex thing called temperament and are thus more rich and varied than even his own interpretations of them can be. The story of "The Goat Song" was suggested, it is said, by an actual event, but he has made of it a legend with all the concreteness of outline and all the intriguing ambiguity of significance which constitute the legend's poetic fascination. Alfred Lunt, Blanche Yurka, Lynn Fontanne, and Dwight Fry contribute admirably rich characterizations to the present performance.

At Maxine Elliott's Theater Bertha Kalich is giving a vigorous and effective if not particularly subtle performance in Sudermann's "Magda," a play which somehow remains eminently actable and genuinely interesting in spite of the sledgehammer blows with which it drives home its now fairly obvious thesis. "A Weak Woman" (Ritz Theater) is a French farce based upon the eternal polygon in which A and B love C while D loves A and E loves B. It is, however, amusing, naughty, and adroit, and it retains a good deal more of Gallic salt than is usual in our versions of such pieces—a fact which is doubtless due to what appears to be an excellent adaptation by Ernest Boyd. "Embers" (Henry Miller Theater) belongs to the equally well-established French tradition of solemn domestic drama. It is as orderly and as lifeless as a syllogism.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ DINNERS □

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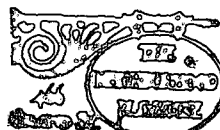
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International Relations Section

The Facts About Locarno

By OSCAR T. CROSBY

MR. GEORGE GLASGOW writes in the *Contemporary Review*, December, 1925, as follows: "It was the psychology of Locarno that mattered. The interesting thing was that few people took any interest in the actual texts."

The Locarno spirit was doubtless one of real desire to seek peace. The Locarno institutions envisage war. True, the Locarno agreements contain clauses which seem to substitute peaceful settlement of disputes for any resort to war. But what are the facts?

1. The substitution is found to be subject to such exceptions that, in effect, the arbitration agreements will probably not be applicable to any realities whatever.

2. The renunciation of war in the Security Pact is found to be not more complete than is now the general case under the League Covenant and the Court Protocol.

3. On the other hand, with respect to certain particular cases, the signatories enjoy a wider right of making independent war than is given them by the Covenant. The hopeful reader of the agreements is lured by a succession of mirages over a desert of sterile words.

4. The League is treated as an incompetent. It cannot now, according to the Locarno gospel, give "sufficient protection" to its members, and in the new agreements the five signatories presume to prescribe to the Council procedures not found in the Covenant.

Article 6 of the Security Pact reads as follows:

The provisions of the present treaty do not affect the rights and obligations of the High Contracting Parties under the Treaty of Versailles or under arrangements supplementary thereto, including the agreements signed in London on August 30, 1924. (The Dawes Plan.)

Practically all possible mutual relationships between the signatories of the present treaty are twisted up in some way with their "rights and obligations" under the Treaty of Versailles or the Dawes Plan. To these engagements almost any dispute arising between the Locarno parties could be referred even fifty years hence. In such case the present treaty would not apply.

It must be borne in mind also that the Treaty of Versailles includes the Covenant of the League of Nations. Hence all the "rights or obligations" of disputants under the Covenant remain untouched by the Locarno treaty. Thus, under conditions described in the Versailles treaty, the French claim a right to enter German territory, as they did when they occupied the Ruhr. If similar circumstances arise again the French may again march into Germany claiming that their act is not a "resort to war." Nothing in the new treaties would bear on the dispute.

Another startling limitation upon the scope of the Locarno agreements is found in the arbitration treaties. It appears in Article 1, which reads as follows:

All disputes of every kind between A and B with regard to which the parties are in conflict as to their respective rights . . . shall be submitted for decision either to an arbitral tribunal or to the Permanent Court of International Justice, as laid down hereafter. . . . This provision does not apply to disputes arising out of events prior to the present treaty and belonging to the past.

Here, indeed, we have a "new era," a new phraseology. Here is an assumption that the near future will present questions wholly discontinuous with the past. If the Locarno engagement to arbitrate disputes about rights or obligations is to mean anything at all, we must suppose the emergence of questions divorced entirely from the Versailles treaty, from the Dawes Plan, and from the past.

All over the world it has been heralded that the Locarno signatories have agreed not to make war with one another. And, indeed, so it would seem if one reads Paragraph 1, Article 2, of the Security Pact. Here are brave words:

Germany and Belgium and also Germany and France mutually undertake that they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other.

Full stop—complete sentence—apparently nothing more to be said. A glance shows us that there are three exceptions. They are introduced by an entirely separate sentence referring to the one just above quoted, and the wording is as follows:

This stipulation shall not, however, apply in the case of (1) the exercise of the right of legitimate defense, that is to say, resistance to a flagrant breach of Article 42 or 43 of the said Treaty of Versailles, if such breach constitutes an unprovoked act of aggression and by reason of the assembly of armed forces in the demilitarized zone immediate action is necessary.

Here we are back to where all the League efforts have left us. We still have the right to strike back; we still have the right to determine what constitutes an "attack" or "invasion" or a "resort to war." History is full of instances showing the elasticity of the words "attack" and "resorting to war." "Invasion" is a little more definite. But mandated territory presents a problem as to whether or not the sovereign is invaded; and now airplane maneuvers will produce confusion even as to invasion of home territory.

We know that a *casus belli* may now be found either on the earth or in the waters under the earth or in the firmament above the earth. And we know that all these hidden sources of war are reserved to the signatories of the Locarno peace treaties.

But the peace-seeking signatories have not been satisfied with leaving their general war-making powers just where they were placed by the Covenant. They have added cases in which their own independent judgment as to certain "acts of hostility" will make for them a right and a duty to "resort to war." Specific provisions (Articles 42 and 43) of the Treaty of Versailles are invoked. They declare that Germany, within certain portions of her own territory, shall do nothing whatever that has an air of military preparation. This great nation in that respect is placed in a category lower than that assigned to Liberia or Haiti. And it is now solemnly provided that if Germany does anything in this demilitarized area which, in the judgment of her neighbors, calls for "immediate action," then the "resort to war," the "invasion," the "attack" of Germany by these neighbors is not the kind of invasion, attack, or resort to war which is renounced by the present treaty.

In this way even the weak bonds laid upon League members by the Covenant are rudely broken. For the Covenant itself supposes that League action will be taken in respect to a violation by Germany of the prescriptions of Articles 42 and 43.

If there were any doubt as to the inference just above made it disappears when we find in the present treaty that Great Britain and Italy declare their freedom to enter the lists of war if they deem that happenings in the Rhine district constitute a "flagrant breach" of the articles named and that the necessity for "immediate action" has once more arisen.

This is the great "guaranty of security," hailed everywhere as having marked a second birth of the Christmas spirit.

War may now break out over some hue and cry raised about doubtful happenings in the Rhine area; five nations may be aflame, and they can all point to the "present treaty" as a justification for their failure to make any appeal to the League of Nations before "resorting to war." This, indeed, is a "new era."

It is true that in this case the League Council "will be apprised of the question." And the signatories "undertake to act in accordance with the recommendations of the Council provided that they are concurred in by all the members other than the representatives of the parties which have engaged in hostilities." Meantime, while they are apprising the Council, and the Council, with its reduced numbers of voting members, is inquiring into the situation, the parties signatory to this peace agreement of Locarno are, according to their own private undertakings, "to be engaged in hostilities."

The appeal made under such circumstances to a small number of badly frightened Powers sitting in the din of war would probably dissolve the League of Nations.

Surely it is dangerous to introduce in a treaty the phrase "any question with regard to respective rights," placing it in apposition to the phrase "all other questions." Yet this is done in the Security Pact, and these two presumably separate classes of cases are sent to different kinds of tribunals. Nay, more, an important distinction in the effect of decision in the two cases is established. An engagement is made to comply with the decision in respect to questions of "right." In the matter of "all other questions," no such engagement is made.

A new council, called the Conciliation Commission, is created to consider "all other questions." But its decisions are not binding. If it produces no settlement, the case is supposed to go to the League Council. There, as we all know, it may, likewise, fail to be settled. The parties may be reverted to their full and free war-making power as that existed before the League of Nations came into being. No substantial change in this condition has been made by the Security Pact.

It is unfortunate, indeed, that the Locarno jurists have revived the attempt to make vital distinctions in action between what once were called (in a now neglected jargon) "judicial," "justiciable," or "judicial" or "legal" cases, and "all other" cases of dispute between nations. They have dug a pit for the feet of the signatories.

Let us pass to the treaties between France on the one hand and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia on the other. In these we find, as in the Security Pact, an assertion of right on the part of one signatory to make war on an enemy of the others, without waiting for League action. Two nations are made into one so far as they may choose to fight under certain circumstances. One of them may, indeed, have engaged in a true war of defense—more or less recognized by the Covenant. The other frees itself from the League obligations by undertaking to act upon its own hasty and

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independent judgment—thus dissolving the League pro tanto. The key to these Declarations of Independence in war making is found in Article 8 of the Security Pact:

The present treaty shall be registered at the League of Nations in accordance with the Covenant of the League. It shall remain in force until the Council, acting on a request of one or other of the High Contracting Parties notified to the other signatory Powers three months in advance, and voting at least by a two-thirds majority, decides that the League of Nations insures sufficient protection to the High Contracting Parties; the treaty shall then cease to have effect on the expiration of a period of one year from such decision.

Now consider, five members of the League declare, by clear inference, that they have not "sufficient protection" through their membership in the League. (I count Germany a member, as all the Locarno treaties are predicated upon her entrance.)

Acting only on the motion of one of these parties, the Council may purge itself of the charge of impotence. There is lip-service to the League in several provisions, but here is the touchstone of faith. In substance, France objects to dependence upon a League guaranty (particularly with Germany as a member) and secures for herself and her supposed friends a right to make war against Germany in the free fashion of pre-League days.

A certain condescension toward the League is shown in several cases in which new procedures are imposed upon the Council by the confident confederates at Locarno. The part dictates to the whole—the Covenant, as applied to the Locarno signatories, is effectively amended without waiting for the slow processes called for by Article 26 of the Covenant.

The League has never been strong, it has a weak constitution, and now it has been bled by the Locarno doctors.

Contributors to This Issue

- HENDRIK VAN LOON's latest book is "Tolerance."
 CHESTER C. PLATT, a Wisconsin journalist, wrote "What La Follette's State Is Doing."
 MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Men and Steel."
 HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER is an American journalist living in Berlin.
 LEONORA SPEYER is about to publish a second volume of verse, "Fiddler's Farewell."
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 ALICE BEAL PARSONS contributes reviews and stories to current periodicals.
 E. C. MACDOWELL is director of the biological laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor.
 JAMES N. ROSENBERG wrote three articles on the World Court published in *The Nation* in December and now reprinted in pamphlet form.
 HELEN HERSH has contributed to the Baltimore Sun and other papers.
 ROBERT WOLF wrote the scenario "Loony," in *The Nation* for September 9, 1925, which Louis Lozowick illustrated.
 OSCAR T. CROSBY was director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in 1915 and later president of the Inter-Ally Council of War Purchases and Finance.

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